

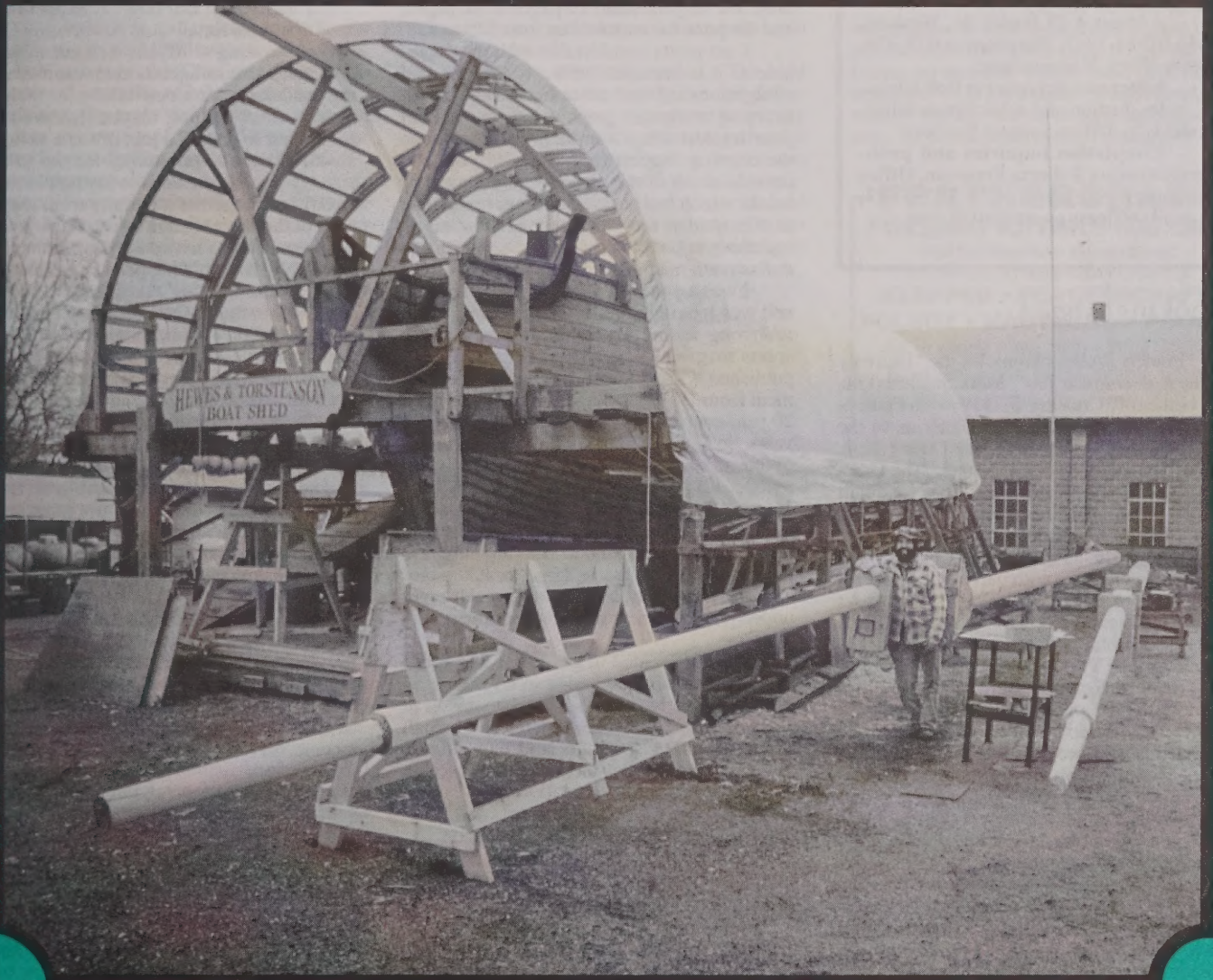
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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 1

May 15, 2002



**Special Features This Issue**  
"Treasure Hunters of Brenton Cove"  
"Working Haitian Waters" - "My Time as a Shipwright"

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M47



# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 20 - Number 1  
May 15, 2002



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## Looking Ahead...

Francis Walter chronicles the "Delivery of the *Kassablanca Too*"; Mark Steele extolls the virtues of "Cruising Weekly to No Particular Place"; Greg Grundtisch alerts us to the "Attractions of Friendship Sloop Days"; Steve Layden encourages us all to enter "The Great Connecticut River Raft Race"; Ron Hoddinott reports on trailer sailors' "Fort DeSoto Beach Fest"; John E. Conway continues with part #2 of "Treasure Hunters of Brenton Cove"; David Buckman continues with part #3 of an excerpt from his book *Bucking the Tide* in "Two Guys Cruise Narragansett Bay to New Hampshire"; and Bill Gamblin's "Looking Back" series tells us about "The Two for One Boat".

Robert Scripps details for us his homebuilt 40' paddlewheel steamboat in "SYR10 Colorado"; Andreas Jordahl Rhule reveals his next project in "An Oldtimer Returns Home"; Bob Simpson tells us how "Sylvia II Came From Historic Era"; and Boatbuilder Harold Burnham discusses USCG rules governing his "Designing Hannah".

Robb White commences a long dissertation on "Dinghies"; Glen L. Marine presents their "TNT...Tiny 'N Terrific"; Phil Bolger & Friends offer up "Catboat Ruminations"; and Dave Gray reports on "Messing About with Polytarp Sails; Survey & Test Results".

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Here we go with Volume 20, Number 1, we've now completed 19 years since we launched Volume 1, Number 1, dated May 15, 1983. 456 issues have been mailed out, and despite the still ongoing reports of non-delivery, most of them must have gotten to you, or we'd be long gone. The overall format has not changed much, still plain dirt road communication in this age of the information superhighway. We've gone from 16 pages to 40 pages, and the price has rocketed up from \$15 to \$28.

I am pretty comfortable with the magazine as it is because I've kept it simple and straightforward and never have been driven to trying wallpaper graphics layouts to hold your interest. Plain vanilla it is. It has been the ongoing support from many of you who provide much of the content every couple of weeks which has been vital to our being able to offer readers real world stories about messing about in boats well outside the consumer mainstream madness.

I was a youthful 53 when this all began, and was looking around for something to do following selling my remaining motorcycle sports magazine, the second of two which I published with much enthusiasm and enjoyment from 1959 into 1983. One of those ran a 20 year course, the other, started later, ran 14 years. So *Messing About in Boats* is well ahead of one and not far behind the other in longevity. Because we publish 24 issues a year of *Messing About in Boats*, this third round of my publishing career is far and away ahead in terms of issues turned out. But, the motorcycle monthlies were as large as 120 pages each in their heyday, as there was a much larger underlying commercial basis for advertising in them.

Having decided to get out of that sport, as I had done all I wanted to in it for over 30 years, I was at loose ends in the late winter of 1983. I had by then been interested in small boats for about six years and had already bought, fixed up and then sold a 24' Ralph

Winslow cutter. My attendance at a Mystic Small Craft meet in the late '70s had fired my latent enthusiasm for traditional small boats into organizing a small craft group of like minded people at our local Peabody Museum. And I had attended the first of the original Wooden Boat Shows (no relation to the magazine at that time) at Newport to work on the museum's exhibit.

I was ready. But how? It happened that the Traditional Small Craft Association Council was meeting at Mystic Seaport in March of '83 and a major agenda item was interviewing candidates for a new editor for their *Ash Breeze*. So, why not, maybe that would be something to do, not a job, it was a voluntary position, but an opportunity for me to exercise my journalism skills in my newfound interest. I put together a dummy from the contents of their most recent issue of how I would do an issue and a friend and I went down.

Well, it didn't happen, I realized right away at that meeting that I'd not be able to work within the TSCA structure as it then existed, so I didn't open my mouth. Now I had this dummy of a little boating magazine and it sort of urged me to go ahead and do this on my own, just as I had already done twice before. So in May I mailed out about 500 copies of the 16 page introductory issue soliciting subscriptions and ads. Some came in so I carried on, ultimately through many years underwater financially. But I was not interested in failing so I didn't.

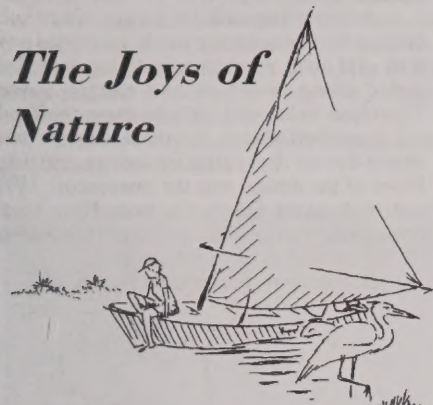
Now it has been 19 years since then and I am no longer a youthful 53, perhaps a youthful 72? Whatever it is that keeps me healthy and energetic is sufficient reason unto itself for it to be used as long as it's there. No better way has come to mind for earning my living at this age as my enthusiasm is undimmed. Retirement is not an idea I would ever entertain, no useful purpose anymore, and a lot less income. So here we go on our 20th year!

## On the Cover...

A. J. Koledziejski lived an amateur boatbuilder's dream come true when he was hired to work on the replica Schooner *Sultana*. He shares his experiences with us in this issue.



## The Joys of Nature



### The Osprey

By Kenneth Murphy

The osprey is one of the most familiar birds to the MAIB boatman. The main reason for this is both bird and boatman depend on aids-to-navigation. The boatman navigates by them while the osprey uses them as nesting platforms.

The osprey is widely dispersed, being found in nearly all MAIB waters. It returns to my home waters, the Chesapeake, in mid-March and generally re-inhabits the previous year's nest. By early summer as we boatman get into the swing of things in earnest, the osprey is busy dealing with its new hatchlings. As we approach our favorite red nun with its substantial nest of one inch thick branches, the osprey begin to nervously eye us. On closer approach the male begins to warn us away with its hawk-like cries. Bending low and putting all its energy into its warning cries. Finally he launches with several strong wing beats and begins to scribe a large circle around nest and boat, screaming as he goes, but finally returning to his mate and young.

The fishing osprey is a delight to watch. At one time I thought that only kestrels hovered in one place while they hunted, but not so. You might be lucky to see an osprey do the same, beating its large wings, stationary about twenty feet above the water while it considers its next meal. And then it folds its wings and drops. At the last moment it stretches its legs and lunges into the water and immediately rebounds into the air with a fish. The bird quivers its wings to shake off excess water, adjusts its prey in an aerodynamic head-first orientation and then flies off to its nest, another meal served.

John W. Taylor in his book, *Birds of the Chesapeake*, describes an even more spectacular hovering behavior of the osprey:

"April 3, South River, Anne Arundel County - The nuptial or courtship flight of the osprey is in full display these days. The male mounts high in the sky and, hovering in one place, screams with exuberance and high spirit. He may hang like this, as if suspended, for ten minutes or more, his call, softened by the distance, filling the spring air. Finally, the bird plummets to earth, swooping to perch near his mate - the object of the whole performance."

Mr. Taylor is a painter and naturalist. The black and white drawing on this page is adapted from a color plate from Mr. Taylor's book. The book is filled with such artwork with excerpts from his journals in which he records his observations in a most descriptive manner.

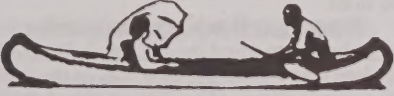
Ospreys hunt alone, usually during early morning and late afternoon. Single ospreys need to catch about 1 - 3 fish a day. A breeding male, who must fish for 2-3 babies and a mate, needs to catch 6-8 fish a day. The osprey's feet are designed to hold slippery fish, their toes having many short spines. Most birds have three toes and a thumb, but the osprey can turn his third toe around, so he can have an extra-strong grip with two fingers and two thumbs. Ospreys have extremely sharp talons and a strong hooked beak for tearing fish into bite-sized pieces. They also have very oily feathers that help keep them dry when they splash into the water.

My bird observation skills are average, so I have sometimes confused ospreys with bald eagles. Bald eagles are becoming more common in Chesapeake Bay country and so I need to do better at distinguishing between these two great birds of prey.

It's really not too difficult. The major difference is plumage. The adult bald eagles' head and tail are both completely white, while the osprey's has a white head with black markings and a tail that is white with black bands. The osprey has white breast while a bald eagle has a dark breast.

There are other differences. The bald eagle is larger than the osprey, but this differentiation requires some experience to employ when the two birds aren't present together for comparison. The osprey's call is louder and more frequent than that of the bald eagle. When gliding the bald eagles' wings are held nearly flat (horizontal) while the osprey holds its wings with more dihedral (angled above the horizontal).





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On the very day I was writing this article an MAIB reader sent me the following e-mail:

### Triumphant Osprey

By Jack Faatz

Years ago we lived across the street from a large lake in Lakeland, Florida, so I enjoyed a lot of rowing and sailing. This particular Sunday morning I was undecided as to whether I should go out or not. There was almost no wind. Sometimes when the wind was very light I just liked to go out in my little 13' red boat (one of a kind cat rigged sail boat) and just lay in the bottom and ghost along. So that is what I decided to do this day. I got out about the distance of a city block and the wind went completely calm. Then I noticed a dead fish floating about 75' away. Then in just a little bit an osprey spotted the fish also. He slowly flew down to grab the fish. When he got within about 5' from the fish he started back winding for all he was worth, but over shot the fish by 2 or 3 feet so he went back up and tried it again with the same results. Again he went back up into the sky and flew around until the wind picked up. We got about a five mile breeze and I started moving when the osprey returned, flying into the wind and made a perfect pickup. He got the fish and I got to sail.

We now live near the Tennessee River and continue to be delighted with aquatic birds, just the other day while canoeing on the river I came up on a tree with 8 Great Blue herons nesting in it. What a sight! (Please send your watery Nature stories to kgmurphy@erols.com, for publication in this column)

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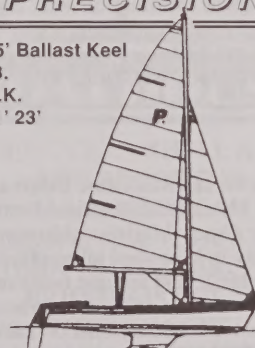
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## Activities & Events...

### Atwood Manly Sail Canoe Regatta

Sailing canoes will gather on May 18-19 on Whitney Point Reservoir 16 miles north of Binghamton, NY for the annual Atwood Manly Class C, 5M and ACA Sail Canoe Regatta. I know this is last minute notice but if any readers might like to look in on this event they can contact me at (607) 723-4122 for details.

Chuck Durgin, 4 Millard Ave, Binghamton, NY 13905, <durgin@aol.com>

### 2002 Maine Canoe Symposium

The 2002 Maine Canoe Symposium will be held June 7-9 at Winona Camps in Bridgton, Maine. The annual weekend event features hands-on workshops, demonstrations, films, and slide shows led by professionals and experts of the canoeing world, set among tall pines at the historic camp on the shores of Moose Pond. The symposium is a weekend of camaraderie and learning geared toward anyone with an interest in canoes and the outdoors. No experience is necessary to attend and families are welcome.

For more information visit the symposium website [www.maine canoe symposium.org](http://www.maine canoe symposium.org) or contact Winona Camps at RR1 Box 868, Bridgton, ME 04009, (207) 647-3721.

### Adirondack Museum's No-Octane Regatta Weekend

Annually the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake in New York's Adirondack Park, six million acres of public and private wilderness land, sponsors this early summer event, modeled on history and designed to embrace the outdoors. Regatta weekend begins Friday, June 14.

The regatta events are modeled after those of early American Canoe Association meets and include boat races, hurry-scurry (participants run, swim and paddle to a finish line), gunneling, jousting. Participants also may choose to try out one of the wooden boats offered for test rides at the Boat Livery, or make a paddle or a wooden skiff at one of the pre-registered workshops. Kids may make their own toy boats.

For more information visit our website at [www.adirondackmuseum.org](http://www.adirondackmuseum.org) or call (518) 352-7311 ext 130.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY.

### Havre de Grace Maritime Festival

The 13th annual Maritime Festival at the Havre de Grace Maritime Museum of that community in Maryland takes place June 15-16, with classic and antique boats on display, and demonstrations and hands-on activities for all. Interested readers should contact the Museum for further details.

Harry Glover, Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, 100 Lafayette St., Havre de Grace, MD 21078, (410) 939-4800.

### Summer Workshops in Vermont

The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum will be offering a number of boat building and maritime skills courses and workshops during the coming summer. These include paddlemaking, repairing or restoring your own cedar canvas canoe, building your own Cod Rib 12' canoe, lofting, building the Wee Lassie lapstrake canoe, and building a birch bark canoe.

Interested readers are invited to call (802) 475-2022 for more information.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Basin Harbor, VT.

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Mysterious Night Noises

Kenneth Murphy's story of listening to the voices of the great blue herons brings to mind a Florida experience when we were gunkholing for the night in a little closed in bay off the regular channel leading to the keys below Biscayne Bay.

Long after dark a noise started swelling up off the water or shoreline. It sounded like millions of frogs croaking all around us. A flashlight beam showed us nothing. The ladies aboard were worried that whatever it was might climb aboard by the thousands. The sound increased for about an hour, then died down.

When we told others of this some thought it might be the mating call of a fish. A real mystery.

Herb Schneider, Western Springs, IL.

## Information of Interest...

### About That Jib Only Mast Aft Rig

The article "Building and Testing a Jib-Only (Mast-Aft) Sailboat" in the March 15 issue described a build-a-boat contest in which, among other restrictions, the only sail allowed was the 35sf jib from the Jet-14 racing dinghy. Because, in the first place, the sail had been cut as a jib, and secondly, hanging the sail on a stay rather than on a mast would give a smoother airflow over the sail, the sail was hung on the headstay in the case of the author's entry in the contest. The boat was balanced by having the mast mounted aft of the midpoint and the centerboard forward of the mast.

Hanging sails solely on stays rather than masts brings to mind the 50' ketch *Diomedea Exulans* (the wandering albatross of the southern oceans), designed by the late Vice Admiral Frederick M. Trapnell. The main and the mizzen masts were stepped at a single point on deck about two-thirds of the way aft. The mainmast, while raked slightly forward, still required a considerable amount of the normal aft-rake of the headstay, to which a large jib was hanked. The mizzenmast was raked aft, and the mizzen sail was hanked onto a stay running down vertically from the head of the mast to the deck. The foot of the mizzen was

mounted on a boom attached to the stay (see photo).

Admiral Trapnell, the owner of two successive 40' ocean-racing yawls, had noted how well and with minimum handling they had sailed along under jib and mizzen alone. Therefore, in the mid-'60s, he chose the ketch rig described above for what was to be a single-harder for extended ocean cruising. Proof of the design was the uneventful 1971 sail of *Exulans Diomedea* from New York, through the Panama Canal, to San Diego when "Trap" moved to the west coast.

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL.



### Blue Herons

I really enjoyed "The Great Blue Heron" article by Kenneth Murphy. As a life-long river rat and part time commercial fisherman, I too have witnessed the shrewdness of these enormous majestic fishing birds. Working watermen across the nation have great respect and admiration for them.

Retired this year, and making plans to cruise as many of North America's waterways as possible. Your readers may find a personal web site of mine called "Blue Herons Nest" interesting. The site is designed to be a repository for information that an inland waterways voyager would need: <http://home.bellsouth.net/personalpages/PWP-davjun>.

Thanks for providing a publication that brings together we "water birds of a feather".

David Wilson, Portland, TN

## Information Wanted...

### Centerboard Raising Reminder?

I've recently become a trailer sailor and suspect that I will eventually forget to raise my centerboard as I motor onto my trailer. The board will lift up if this happens but I'd rather not damage its leading edge, and it would be embarrassing if people were watching.

I wonder if anyone is aware of a device or procedure that reminds one to raise the centerboard beforehand.

Bryan Shrader, 776 53rd St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 379-3936.

### Yankee One Designs

Thank you for the recent article on the Yankee One Designs. I originally raced Y-19, *Dawn*, in the '60s, and later found her in deplorable condition in the '90s. We rebuilt *Dawn*, ribs, floors, butt blocks, deck, etc. over



2-1/2 years. She's now in good shape for another 50 years or so if taken care of.

I am familiar with several of the boats on the west coast but would like to find any owners on the east coast. I have a '60s list of all boats and am interested to learn where those remaining may be located.

Charles Steigerwald, 3345 Nelson Park Dr., Rocky River, OH 44116.



## Opinions...

### Exciting Sail Rigs

MAIB contributors provide endless exciting small sailboats, such as one described in the March 15th issue, page 22 entitled "Building & Testing a Jib-Only (Mast Aft) Sailboat". Phil Bolger's *100 Small Boat Rigs* calls this a staysail in his "Cat Rigs" section. His hands-on experiences denote virtually an overall improvement over traditional bow-located mast rigs.

Innovator Brent Benson notes placement complications between man and mast. Seemingly a bi-pole setup of two smaller masts would solve this conflict for space. All writeups of this rig note the need for great backstay tension to maintain a stiff sail luff. Were the bipod raked, the shrouds might even be fastened to a broad transom. Inasmuch as we use wire sail luffs, it'd seem reasonable to enlarge the luff pocket for a post-formed aluminum tube or else laminated wood with a "T" cross section to resist bending.

Messers Bolger and Benson give us a great start on seemingly improved rigs for small sailboats.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

### Will a "Cleel" Work?

Will a "cleel" (cloth keel) work when stretched taut against a keelson affixed to a lowered rudder? Sailors of very small boats have yearned for more lateral resistance from keels that are retractable for shallow water or beaching. Occasionally this can be a life-saving feature. Centerboards have structural problems and are internal space killing. Leeboards offer some relief but with attendant awkwardness.

My "Cleel" is sketched as a thick fabric area stretched on a springy keelson affixed to a lowered rudder. The fabric should be well hemmed at its leading edge, and contain a light batten to prevent rippling. All this should fold up when the rudder is raised. There should be some drag when raised for sailing down wind. Thoughts might be given here to tacking down wind for maximum performance. The component parts appear simple enough for inevitable adjustments, and strong enough to withstand reasonable care in beaching.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA.



### Understated Modesty

Readers of John Potts' account of his solo circumnavigation of the Delmarva Peninsula should not be deceived by his understated modesty. I was not, having made that same journey in 1984 in warmer weather and with four of us to spell each other in difficult moments, such as:

Reaching in gale winds and those 6' waves John mentioned.

Coming dangerously close to breakers on the Atlantic coast.

Being confused by tugboat lights and movements in the Chesapeake/Delaware Canal.

Driving through boat shaking turbulence where the Potomac outflow met the Bay winds and waves.

With two crew sick, trying in pre-GPS days to figure out where we were in a storm and mist.

All of us were much younger then. A salute to John Potts, intrepid skipper.

Jack Hornung, Seattle, WA.

### Impossible to Believe

I find it impossible to believe that John Potts set out to circumnavigate the Delmarva Peninsula solo with a mainsail that was "impossible to reef in a stiff breeze underway alone." I reef often in a stiff breeze underway alone on Chesapeake Bay in my Sailmaster 22 without leaving the cockpit. It is simply done.

Jack Sherwood, Severna Park, MD.

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## Poetry Corner...

### Revolt

Why should I follow the tracks of man  
When the trackless sea is free?  
Why bind myself to a ribbon of dust  
When the waters are calling me?

Out where the blinking lights of heaven  
Are the only guides we know,  
Where the way is wide as the ocean itself  
And clean as the driven snow.

For manmade ways are ways of woe,  
And with dust do we dry our tears,  
Dust that is stirred by the feet of man  
Through the dull man-burdened years.

So give me a ship I can handle alone  
Sturdy and staunch and true;  
And I'll leave the roads, the dust, the smell  
To the musty souls in their mustier hell,  
And I'll take just you and my ship so true  
And we'll sail forever on waters blue!  
Ho! feel the pull of the restless wheel,  
The mainsheet taut and singing,

And hear the sigh as the wind goes by,  
The scuppers awash, the wild waves  
flinging

The salty spray—'Tis then we will know  
The glorious freedom, the great content,  
That comes with living a life unspent  
In the dusty hovels of man!

Blow high! Blow low! Come rain! Come  
snow!

Who cares for a port! Wherever we go  
It's the going that counts. It's the  
journey's joy

Away from people who fret and annoy.  
Let them have their houses and all they will  
Their dusty roads, the racket and din  
But give me the ocean that's clean and blue  
A ship that is staunch, a woman like you  
And I'll sail on forever!

Why should I follow the tracks of man  
When the trackless sea is free?  
Why bind myself to a ribbon of dust  
When the waters are calling me?

Dr. Cleon C. Mason

Wes Farmer, Wyzata, MN



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# Bear Of The Sea

By Joseph E Garland  
Published By Commonwealth Editions  
21 Lothrop Street, Beverly, Mass 01915

Reviewed by Ric Altfather

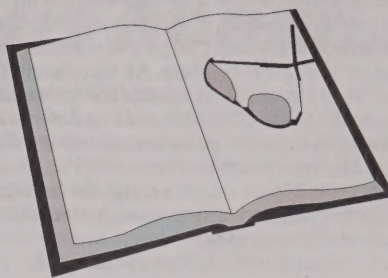
Joseph Garland first published this biography in 1966 under the title *That Great Pattillo: The Merry Misdemeanors of a Legendary Gloucester Fisherman*. Mr. Garland states "It was a great read (and I do say so), sold short by my too-merry choice of a title and the not-so-merry, if well-meaning misdemeanor of a last-minute try at rescuing the cover from an artist who'd decked out my tempestuous anti-hero fisherman as a naval officer, cap, sea jacket and epaulets, necktie flapping in the breeze."

I must agree, the original title would not have attracted my attention but *Bear of the Sea* seemed more adventuresome and drew me into the story to see what giant Jim Pattillo was all about.

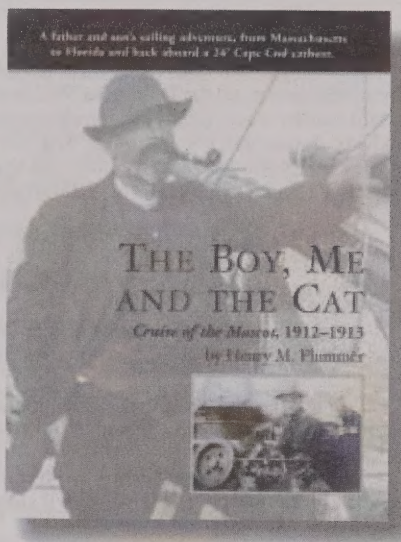
James William Pattillo was born from Scottish parents in Chester, Nova Scotia, in 1806. By the age of ten he could perform the chores of an adult on his father's farm at the expense of not attending school. When not in the fields, Jimmy would visit the wharves of Chester and gain knowledge of sailing and fishing which would ultimately inject his veins with seawater. The next summer at age 11, Jimmy went to sea for good. On New Year's Day in 1821, at fourteen, he had his first test of manhood in a brawl with a man of 27, known as the town brawler ending in a bruised Pattillo but a badly beaten bully who exclaimed that he'd had enough. By the time he was 20, That Great Pattillo, which he called himself, had his own small vessel.

So began the coasting and fishing career of Jim Pattillo, along with his infamous love of rum, brawling and confrontations with the law. "Protect yourself," was Pattillo's warning before he would break your jaw or throw you off the wharf after a bottle or two of rum. Law enforcement officer, fellow sailor or politician, big Jim held no barriers when his rights were threatened. In spite of his growing reputation as a brawler, he became an accomplished mackerel and cod fisherman, always filling his hold with the salted bounty. Soon however, after a major bashing of a Canadian official, he became a hunted man and sought a new life in the "Rogues Hole" of Boston as a Gloucester Sea Captain. Jim Pattillo had become a Whitewashed Yankee!

The author paints Jim Pattillo's biography beautifully, from temper to temperance, brawling to God fearing, fifty years of sailing the sea and maritime history. Anyone with a fondness of wooden sailing ships, courage of men, hardships of the sea and an interest in the Gloucester and northern fishing grounds will enjoy this fine read



## Book Reviews



### *The Boy, Me And the Cat*

*Cruise of the Mascot, 1912-1913*

Third Edition  
196 Pages Hardcover  
The Catboat Association  
P. O. Box 72, Middleboro, MA 02346  
ISBN 0-9715041-5-6  
\$29.95

Reviewed by John E. Conway

Every MAIB reader should drop everything, run out to a bookstore or go on-line ([www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org)) and buy this book. While you are at it, buy a few extras for likeminded friends as gifts. Why? Quite simply because *The Boy, Me and the Cat* is not only one of the greatest "messing about" adventures of all time but, with this remarkable, new Third Edition, it is one of the greatest, photographically illustrated, adventures.

Whew! Now that I've gotten the summary of this review off of my chest, allow me to rewind the tape. Many of you may know the basic story.

On September 15, 1912, New Bedford resident Henry M. Plummer, his son, Henry, Jr. and their cat Scotty climbed aboard their aging Cape Cod catboat, *Mascot*, unfurled the old girl's sail, slipped the mooring and pointed south towards Florida and glory (or, at least, Miami). Eight months and eight days later, two of the three returned to that same mooring having put twice the distance from the Bay State to Biscayne Bay under their respective keels.

Shortly thereafter, in a fit of passion, Henry, Sr. dusted off his typewriter, fired up the mimeograph machine and painstakingly printed then bound (with fish line no less) 700 copies of the account of *Mascot's* southerly escapades for sale at \$1.00 each: The legendary First Edition.

The work, organized along the chronology of the little ship's log, described the day-by-day, trials, treasures, tribulations, treats and tragedies of *Mascot's* journey to the Sunshine State and back. Plummer illustrated the book with line drawings developed by pin-pricking waxed paper to produce a crude sort of printing plate suitable for the mimeo process.

A group of enthusiasts, captivated by Plummer's chronicle and his remarkable little printing enterprise, produced the first hardcover version of the book (the so-called Second Edition) in 1961. The Second Edition's publication finally made the tale of *Mascot*, her skipper and crew, accessible to an audience considerably broader than the original "gang of 700". This edition also included, for the first time, a fairly well researched Appendix that fleshed out a bit of the "whatever happened to?" part of the post-trip story.

Readers of the Second Edition (myself included), glad to finally have a copy of the legendary tale in general print, never knew that good old Henry, limited by technology and funds, had kept a secret from his readers: By some miracle, the old duffer had photographed virtually every aspect of his trip with his trusty box Brownie. Dozens of fading, old Kodak snapshots lay waiting for time and tide to bring them to the surface, and surface they have in the glorious Third Edition. Surfaced as well is a plethora of new materials, lovingly assembled by a devoted number of Catboat Association members.

However, all of the old photographs on the planet would not be worth "jack" if the story did not ring true for the reader. Fortunately, it's the "I could do that", unpretentious nature of the whole epic that makes *The Boy, Me and the Cat* so compelling a read for we boaters who mess about.

Just imagine... An average sort of guy with one of his sons and a flea-bitten cat takes a leaky old boat on the adventure of a lifetime. An adventure not around the world mind you but "just" up and down the Eastern Seaboard (prior to today's Intracoastal Waterway mind you). An adventure not supported with thousands of dollars of expensive gear but cobbled together with only the basics and too little food and too little money. Along the way captain and crew experience shipwreck and salvation, encounter the summits and dregs of humanity, live all manner of wonderful and amazing exploits and discover themselves and one another.

It just doesn't get any better. All of which leads me back to my opening recommendation. What are you waiting for? Go!



Twelve miles off the coast of Maine, one third of the way northward along the treacherous east shore of Monhegan Island, I saw an approaching lobster boat from my home built kayak (CLC Cape Charles, modified, of course). Between crests, I lost sight of it for a second, and I didn't like the idea of a wake breaking over the bow and slopping water into my lap. Time for the spray skirt, which was around my chest, but not secured to the coaming. The waves reflected back from the vertical shore augmenting the mild swells and chop of the open ocean made the seas tough enough to handle as it was.

The skirt was hooked around the back side of the coaming, but I hadn't finished putting it on, just a bit daring or lazy. I got it pulled around the port side and over the front of the coaming, keeping balance pretty well in the bouncing roll. Then there was this pesky little spot down by my ribs that wouldn't snap to. I zigged when I shoulda zagged, and shipped half a pint or two down the hip brace. My stomach lurched and I started shaking. Could I chicken out now and go back the way we came? Near enough to half way not to matter much, though astern there was the beach beyond the wreck of the tug *Sheridan*. I yanked the cord and the skirt jumped into place. I figured the shakes I was getting weren't any worse than I get watching a Bruce Willis, so I talked myself calm. Maybe my wife has something with her belief in the efficacy of prayer.

I faced into the coming wake, and the bow rose right over it, not a drop on the deck, let alone rolling back to the coaming. I checked the location of my paddling partner, yelled, with a bit of bravado and quaver, "How 'ya doing, Jan?"

Later in the summer, partly because of dallying on Monhegan, and being land locked in Vermont on a project for my in-laws, well, and just being a natch'l born procrastinator, I finally got the right combination of tide, weather, and motivation together to get my circa 1980 Montgomery Fish catboat into the water. When I first got the Fish in '86, I kept

## Terror of The Deeps

By Jim Seavey

it on a mud mooring in Lanes Cove, a few hundred yards from my house in Gloucester, Massachusetts. I'd back the trailer down the ramp and paddle over to the buoy and leave it for a few days while the tide emptied and filled it until the planks swelled.

Builder Dave Montgomery tells me this is the last carvel-built Fish he made, he's now using plywood sheets and planks and glass-epoxy sheathing. Dave's grandfather and Stuart Friend might be rolling over in their graves. If so, I've added to their misery, 'cause I replaced Dave's commercial grade plywood deck, which never looked right and had begun to rot, with okoume, glass and epoxy.

I now live in nearby Salem, after eight long years in Minnesota (due to my wife's belief in prayer), and my mooring isn't as handy. I was lucky to get a mooring I can see from my condo in Collins Cove, if mud moorings were allowed, it'd be even closer. I can put in at Kernwood and deal with the river current and railroad bridge, or Winter Island and a two mile sail with an unswelled hull.

In '00 I set out from Winter Island with my fifteen year old son aboard, without having hooked up the electric bilge pump, assuming that all the recaulking I'd done would hold. It didn't, we went over and swamped to the splashboards, and were towed back (thanks, Harbor Patrol). Couple of weeks later, I headed down the Danvers River and found the keeper of the turn bridge wouldn't let me go through under sail. The Minnkota wasn't up to the tide (naturally I'd planned to go out on the ebb, but there was this broken spreader...), so once again, I accepted a tow, this time dry and upright, and got to the mooring (thanks *My Shell*).

This past year, I took off from Winter Island alone under good conditions. I'd finally

followed directions and installed a fuse for the motor, but guessed at the size of the fuse (the over fifty memory club). Between Winter Island and Juniper Point, there's a spot where the wind dies, the chop from the ocean hits the shallow, and the speed boats open up 'cause they think they're out of the harbor. The Fish's beamy flat hull that makes it such a stable little boat also makes it pitch so much in light air and choppy seas that there's just no headway.

Ha! I dropped the Minnkota and cranked the handle. There was this great surge, then nothing. After a sufficient amount of cursing and fuming way too close to a little family out in their Sunfish (doing fine), I figured what the hell, and got out the paddle. I exerted myself mightily, ever nervous of the wakes surging toward the low transom, and stopping to pump like fury now and again.

When I rounded Juniper Point, the waves flattened and the wind returned, and I sailed as easy as please, pulling up the centerboard for a short cut over Monument Bar, politely nodding to the wading seagulls whose turf I was invading for a switch. The soaking I'd given the hull with the garden hose for two weeks was paying off, as the leaks weren't too bad. It wasn't until I had her all moored and had hopped into the kayak (my tow) to paddle home that I remembered the fuse. I'd figured the battery was dead. I've since rewired it so the pump has its own fuse too.

So why was I bordering on panic out there off Juniper? That same fear that gripped me off Monhegan. It certainly wasn't fear of drowning, I had a life jacket and either a friendly shore or a rescuer handy. I think it was performance anxiety, the same thing that grabs me by the throat and makes me Captain Bligh when I'm not sure what to do, and having trouble explaining fast enough to my inexperienced crew (family). I'm not afraid of getting wet, I'm afraid of public opinion. It's stubborn pride that puts me in a boat that my father might have built, and it's stubborn pride that keeps me from sailing it in all but ideal conditions.





"It's mid-August and the summer's over, as far as I'm concerned." Caroline, fresh back from camp and about to start a babysitting stint, folded her arms and scowled. Youngest of the three Conway kids at 14, she found herself an "only child", what with her two older siblings just off to college early.

"Not so!" I shot back. "There's tons of summer left if you have the imagination and motivation to give it a go." But after unsuccessfully exploring options ranging from Caroline camping out with her friends to my teaching her how to drive a stick shift, things began to look grim. "Er, let's sleep on it," I suggested.

As I drifted off that night, a fleeting thought passed through the old cranial, but it submerged just as quickly. "Nah! She'd never go for it... hmmm, then again."

Over English muffins the next morning I casually salvaged the previous night's big, bad idea. "How about a treasure hunt?"

"Huh?"

"A treasure hunt... you know gold doubloons, pieces of eight, pirates flying the Jolly Roger and all that sort of thing."

"Daaaad.. I think you're a few doughnuts shy of a dozen."

"No, wait, hear me out. OK?" A crack appeared in the teen's armor.

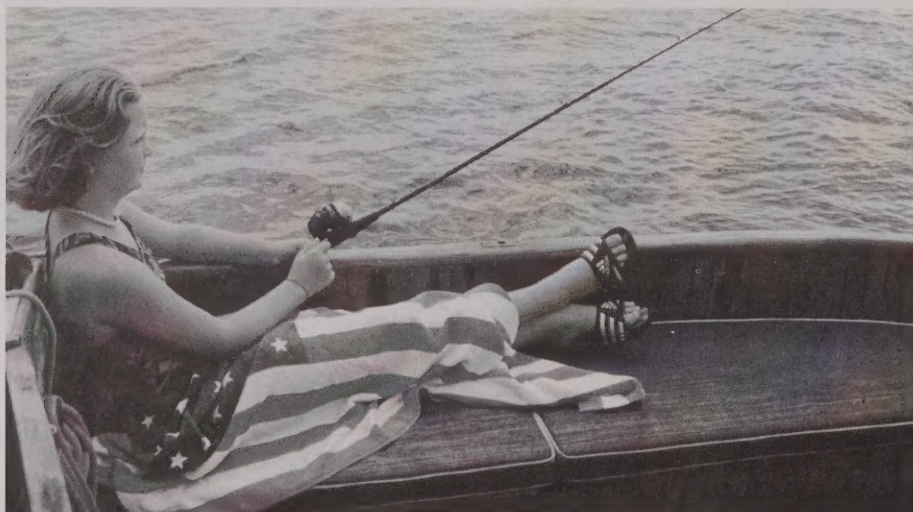
"Well, alright, I'm listening."

The window of opportunity had opened and I stepped through.

## The Qwest Described

I explained that about 30 years ago I had attended a lecture given by New England diving legend Captain Brad Sherman at a Sea Rover's Convention in Boston. Captain Sherman's talk focussed on the location and history of shipwrecks along the Rhode Island coast. One of these wrecks, located in Newport's Brenton Cove, just begged exploration. No one knew the history of the old ship and few had explored its resting place but the old Captain was convinced that she would be a worthy dive. Best of all, the wreck had settled in only 12 to 15 feet of water so explorers could easily probe its mysteries with only a face mask, snorkel and flippers. Finding it would also be easily accomplished as it lay right at the base of a cliff just below a well-known Newport mansion.

Caroline casts and cranks.



# Treasure Hunters Of Brenton Cove (The Girl, Me & the Cat)

## A Buckrammer Adventure

By John E. Conway

## The Qwest Begins

Our route would take us due south of Westport to the first waypoint, the wrecksite of the pre-WWII Canadian four-pipe destroyer *HMCS St. Francis*. This former US Navy tin can had been rammed and sunk while under tow for repairs in July of 1945. Salvage efforts in the '50s had removed all but a large section of bow. Resting in ten fathoms at 41:27:42N and 71:06:20W, the bow portion serves as a reliable, if somewhat peculiar, aid to navigation by providing a wonderful double echo return on a depth sounder (sound trapped inside the metal bow reverbs a second, so-called ghost echo). From the wreck, *Buckrammer* would turn west and make a bee-line for the Brenton Reef buoy; the notorious entrance to Narragansett Bay and Newport Harbor.

All provisioned for adventure, Caroline, the cat and I chugged out of Westport Harbor to fortune and glory. Before long, with Caroline at the wheel and *Buckrammer* on a broad reach, we closed in on the *St. Francis*.

"Hey Dad! Hand me that fishing rod," Caroline commanded. "I bet that old wreck is crawling with game fish."

I slipped below, grabbed the tacklebox, rod and reel, handed them to Caroline and took the helm. "The old-timers say that this wreck attracts everything from bluefish to yellow-fin tuna," I chimed in. "So I'd suggest, hmmm (rummaging about in the tackle box) a Rebel lure." The expert nature of my selection was enhanced by the fact that our tackle box held but one lure, that being a Rebel!

Caroline, eyeing me suspiciously, gingerly grabbed the lure, snapped it onto the leader, executed a perfect cast off of our stern and in no time had about 200 feet of 50 pound test streaming over the transom.

*Buckrammer* sounded the wreck, spun over, turned into a controlled jibe then headed towards Newport under a powder blue, crystal-clear sky. What a day! Caroline and I settled into our respective routines, she trolling, casting 'n cranking, dislodging seaweed then repeating the process. I tweaked the sail, fooled around with my hand-held GPS, diddled with the radio and adjusted the depth sounder. *Buckrammer* mostly just sailed along, staying on course... and afloat.

Off of Sakonnet Point, Caroline grabbed my arm and asked, "How big do yellow fin tuna get?"

Awakened from my technological reveries, I replied, "I have no idea; a hundred pounds, I guess. Why?"

Pointing over the stern Caroline calmly answered, "Then I guess that's something else!"

Peering over the transom, I nearly swallowed my tongue. Trailing behind us, just inches from our barn-door rudder and only about five feet under the surface was the biggest fish I had ever seen. Seemingly oblivious to *Buckrammer*, the monster silently cruised under our hull in the direction of our center-board.

Bump! The beast tapped the 'board and nudged *Buckrammer* a few feet to starboard. Caroline and I jumped onto the cabin roof just in time to see the great fish transit our suddenly VERY SMALL vessel. Caroline whispered, "Holy cow! Using *Buckrammer* as a measuring stick, I bet that thing is 18 to 20 feet long."

"Twenty at least," I whispered back as the beast slunk off into the deep.

With no one at the helm, our old boat began to round up into the wind. In a flash, I scooted to the wheel and put us back on course. Caroline still held her fishing rod with most of its line trailing well behind the boat. She and I simultaneously looked at one another, and exchanged a psychic instant message. In less time than it takes to say "Call me Ishmael", the line, leader, lure and all were back onboard. "I think I'll give this fishing thing a rest for a while," she commented. Both of us burst into laughter, bid the monster adieu (we believe that it was a basking shark), and continued our westward journey.

## A Wet Dry-Run

A little after 1pm, *Buckrammer* passed the Brenton Reef buoy and altered course north by east into Narragansett Bay. The weather remained picture perfect with warm, offshore winds of 15 knots with a light chop. As we approached Newport's little Castle Hill lighthouse, another big, bad idea bubbled up into my think tank.

Our pre-trip research had revealed that a massive, cotton-oil carrying, square-rigger, the *Lydia Scholfield*, had wrecked in the late 1800s on Butterball Rock just south of the light. Over the years, scuba divers had described the snorkel-able wreck site as a veritable junkyard of nautical debris including ship's nails, hull copper, ship's fittings and hardware. *Buckrammer's* current position, just abeam of the infamous rock, coupled with the calm, 74-degree seas made a dive stop totally irresistible.

I explained the situation to Caroline who was busily making ham and cheese sand-



wiches for our lunch in *Buckrammer's* galley. "What say we give this wreck a look-see?"

Caroline punned, "Sort of a dry run for Brenton Cove, only wet."

"Er, right!" I groaned.

Within minutes we were out of the shipping channel and securely anchored behind the old Butterball itself in about 10 to 15 feet of water with two building cases of wreck-fever. We had noticed a current flowing in towards Newport so we had also taken the precaution of reeling out about 400 feet of buoyant, yellow poly-rope with a float ball tied to the bitter end. This line gave us a little extra margin of safety should the current pick up.

After lunch we donned masks, snorkels and fins and took the plunge by following the anchor line down to the seabed. One look around the bottom confirmed the divers' reports. Even after all of these years, hundreds of yellowish ship's nails, from little two inch tacks to foot-long spikes had accumulated in the nooks and crannies between the rocks. Every now and then, a piece of ship copper would come into view. Caroline and I spent a pleasant, 45 minutes repeatedly diving off of *Buckrammer's* bow, descending to the bottom, and riding the current while stuffing the zip-lock bags we carried with artifacts.

We would then surface near the end of the poly-rope and pull ourselves back to dump our booty and repeat the process. On one such "run", I spied a large, too-heavy-to-easily-lift, cross-shaped piece with machined holes. I quickly made a mental note as to its approximate location. On a subsequent run, I tied the bitter end of a separate, 30 foot length of poly-rope through one of the holes and let the free end float to the surface to serve as a marker.

Around 3:00 exhausted by the diving and chilled by Narragansett Bay, we called it quits and climbed into the cockpit to examine our finds. Caroline, always good with numbers, conducted the analysis.

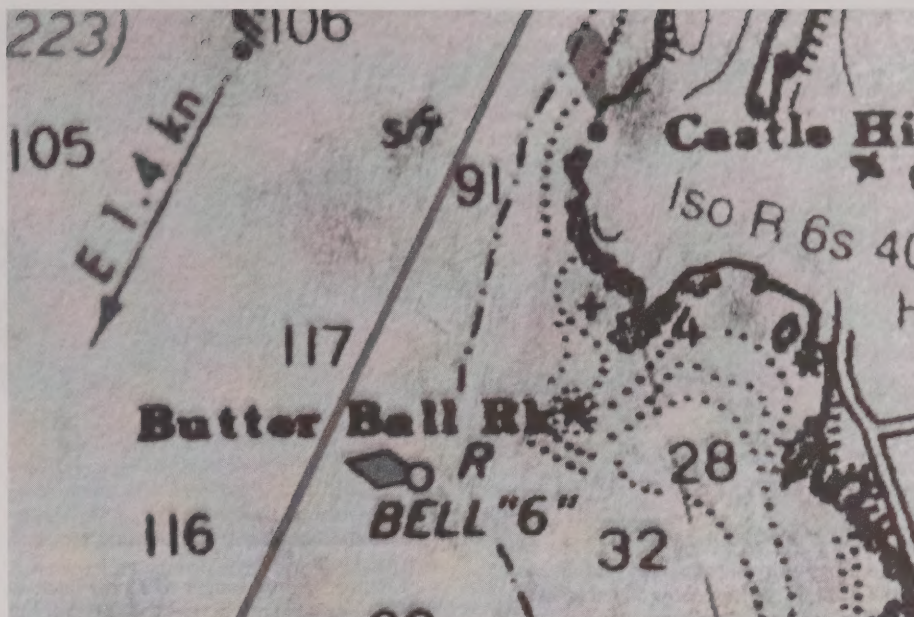
"Geez Dad, looks like we have about 243 ships nails of various sizes, five one foot long bronze timber spikes, four bronze drift pins, a length of standing rigging (steel wire parceled with hemp, burlap and sail cloth all soaked in pitch-black tar) and about five square feet of copper hull plating. Not a bad haul."

"Don't forget that big boy over there," I said reminding us of the mysterious object tied to the end of the poly-rope. "Let's see what that is." We were able to snag the rope with a boat hook and by putting our backs into it, landed all 25+ pounds of the "thing from two fathoms" in short order.

"Whaddaya suppose it is?" Caroline asked.

"Beats the tar out of me," I puzzled. "Maybe some nautical historian will be able to tell us when we get back. Meanwhile it makes one heck of a curio." (Author's note: To this day no one has been able to definitively identify the function of this cast and machined bronze piece. The best guess is that it is the rudder-mounted fitting of the chain "keeper" that prevented the *Lydia Scholfield's* rudder from unseating. See the cover photo of *Sultana* in *WoodenBoat* magazine #165 for an example. Perhaps some sharp reader will provide a better explanation).

We stowed away our treasures, tidied up a bit, weighed anchor and headed once more towards Newport Harbor, Brenton Cove and REAL treasure.



Butterball Rock wreck site

Bronze mystery object.



## Brenton Cove's Cove

Few would argue that Newport, Rhode Island is one of the most amazing yachting centers in the world. Within its deepwater, well-sheltered confines lies every service or amenity imaginable to the visiting boater... for a price. Since *Buckrammer* operates more or less on a seltzer budget, a harbor such as Newport presents a pecuniary challenge more daunting than most. Fortunately, *Bucky's* captain had perfected the fine art of mooring mooching. As a result, *Buckrammer* was able to convince a local friend to loan their anchorage to us for two nights, right in the target area. The price? A mere bottle of good (but not TOO good) Burgundy.

The target area in question was a little cove in the southernmost corner of Brenton Cove, right across from the old ropewalk at Fort Adams. On our wonderfully situated

mooring, we could almost throw a small stone and hit the cliff at whose base the treasure ship awaited.

Not bad! Well, actually, there was a bit of bad news, namely that the mooring was situated a mile or so from the Newport waterfront. Fortunately, we had towed our little, 10-foot pram, *Splinter*, with us to Newport and had the foresight to mount our 4hp outboard on her transom. So in almost less time than it takes to explain it, Caroline and I changed for dinner, climbed into the little boat and motored over to the dingy dock at the Ann Street pier. It was an easy 15-minute jaunt.

We secured the pram and within minutes found ourselves in front of a plate of spaghetti at Sala's Dining Room ("spaghetti-by-the-pound") on Thames Street. Between slurps, we planned the next day's treasure hunt on the back of Sala's paper placemats. An hour or so later, and two-pounds



of "sketties" heavier, we had our plans mapped out. All of this planning had given us a hankering for something to finish off the meal with a flourish. Past experience told us that the best desserts would be found by snooping around the piers outside. So we settled up the dinner bill, waddled down the stairs and flowed north into the Thames Street scene.

The Newport waterfront has been lovingly transformed over the past 30 years from a somewhat ramshackle collection of rotting piers and local bars into an almost Disney-esque village of retail shops, restaurants, marinas and commercial boat-related enterprises. The place really comes alive at night with attractions that range from familyfare to more mature offerings.

Caroline and I roamed around, checking out a few of our favorite haunts. I felt a tad embarrassed for my daughter, what with her being stuck with the old man and all. Yet, she didn't seem to mind. Maybe this bonding thing was working. After a fashion (and a few stops at clothing, army surplus, gift and art stores with Caroline), we somehow ended up in front of a Ben & Jerry's ice cream stand. Caroline



The cove of Brenton Cove.

and I each got a double scoop, planted ourselves on a dockside bench and engaged in some serious people watching as we pecked at the cones. This treasure hunting business was hard work.

It took a little longer to motor back to *Buckrammer*, what with the dark and all but

within 35 minutes of leaving the dinghy dock, Caroline and I were snug under the covers in our bunks dreaming of tomorrow's treasure hunt. I drifted off thinking that this had been the kind of "messing about" day that makes boating my favorite pastime.

(To Be Continued)

The *Rowdy* was a 22' sloop which belonged to my friend Mary Coles. I had watched her from the time she was only a thought in Horace's head through to her launching. She was an Arrowhead design, an open, centreboard sloop with an inboard rudder, surprisingly fast. Horace built her in the back of his shop on Charlotte Street, where he sharpened skates, repaired bicycles, and any job that required a bit of skill or ingenuity to carry out.

Anyway, I got a call from Mary one Saturday that, boiled down, said "Help, we need you!" When sorted out it appeared that Mary had lent *Rowdy* to some friends who in some way had left her anchored in a shallow cove on the west side of Kennebecasis Island the previous weekend. That side of the island is open to the west and south. *Rowdy* had lain quietly until an onshore breeze had made up,

## Looking Back... Rescue Of The *Rowdy*

By Bill Gamblin

then she had gone ashore and sunk. Whether she had merely opened a seam or alternately was a pile of splinters, was a question that only an inspection would answer.

Mary and one of her friends met me at the yacht club and we started off in the club launch. Now, before you get the wrong impression, this was in the '30s, we were a small club and club launch meant a 16' lapstrake rowboat. There was a gentle breeze and the

mile and a half to the cove went quickly. As we approached her we could see that she was lying on her side with a few inches out of the water. When we got alongside and had a good look at her, inside and out, the hull appeared to be all right, as far as we could see, but the centerboard box had taken quite a beating.

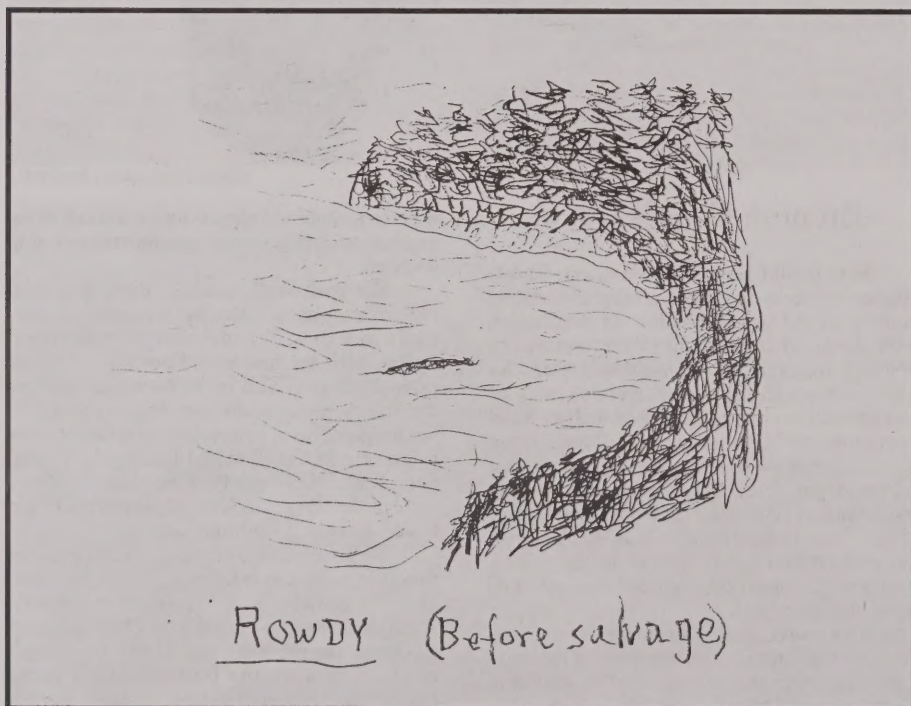
*Rowdy's* centreboard had a large lump of lead on its tip. This normally was a good thing in view of her slack bilges, but in this case it was a bad thing, since the lump protruded and allowed the board to be used to pry apart the box when she went aground!

She was in about 6' of water, so we got her upright and then slowly eased her inshore until the deck was clear of any sea that would come along. I had taken a couple of buckets in the launch, so, armed with a bucket, I climbed aboard. There wasn't any other way of telling how much water she would be taking in without trying, so I started bailing. They say there is no better bailer than a frightened man with a bucket.

Well, I wasn't frightened but the water surely flew when I got started. I'd sailed a boat called *Bohunk* a few years before, and she required bailing from the gunnels down every time I took her out, so the bucket and I were good friends! The level of the water slowly went down, and we were gaining ground, but every time I stopped to draw breath the water gained.

Finally, the level was low enough to give me time to see the problem and jam the boards on the centreboard box closer together, which slowed the cataract to a mere flood. And it did put us in charge of things, instead of bailing like mad to make some impression, we were, happily, able to bail like gentlemen, one bucket every 10 seconds. Once we had the leak, if not stopped, at least in control, we got the boat under way, with Mary and I doing the sailing and her friend handling the bucket.

After about half an hour we came alongside the club dock. We dropped the centreboard in shallow water so it could be recovered easily. *Rowdy* was hauled very shortly afterwards and a new centreboard box built for the next season, when she was back in operation in Mary's capable hands!





# Memories of *Frisky Whiskey*

By Mark Steele

Lake Brunner is a huge honey of a lake situated well inland from the rugged, wind-swept West Coast of New Zealand's South Island. There at a little lakeside township called Moana, a yacht club used to play annual host to a marvellous 24 hour race for trailer-sailer yachts.

I got involved when connected with the Fiji National Tourist office for New Zealand, who would sponsor the event for several years, but this story is not really so much about the race itself, rather about a Hislop designed, rather heavy boat called *Frisky Whiskey* owned by a warm-hearted and hospitable West Coaster named Pat Morgan.

Each year I went to Moana to officiate as sponsor, Pat would either the day before the race, or on the day after ask, "How about a sail Mark?" and off we'd go aboard *Frisky Whiskey*, just Pat, his dog Nip who followed him everywhere and I.

This became a ritual which I eagerly looked forward to, an opportunity to escape from people generally, sit at the stern, admire the scenery and revel in the sheer silence of a beautiful part of the West Coast. Pat knew all the secret little entrances to shallower, placid often narrow creeks, where we would take an hour or so off sailing and the Fiji rum (it should have been whisky) which I always brought would enhance the coffee as once moored we would let the dog loose to search for possums and quietly shoot the breeze, while the coffee warmed the innards.

Handing me the tiller, Pat would say "I'll make a helmsman of you yet, Mark," and we'd cruise leisurely back to Moana. Once I remember taking *Frisky Whiskey* a mite too close to one of the banks while Pat was in the cabin, and the rumble of shingle against her hull brought him out faster than Nip could jump from the seat onto the cockpit floor!

She was not a pretty boat, but she was comfortable, and with Pat's knowledge of both the boat and the area which he knew like the back of his hand, *Frisky Whiskey* was both good enough and fast enough to twice win handicap honours in the annual classic. "Well I'll be blown," I thought to myself.

The annual race has not been held for a few years now, certainly not in the grand manner of that period in the mid-nineties, and in recalling the sight of spinnakers set and boats heading at early dawn and late dusk on yet another circuit of this vast lake, the often still snow-capped mountains in the background, my mind goes back to those wonderful days aboard a rather special boat as we quietly cruised here and there to no particular place.

I am not much into racing, either in my model sailing area of involvement or otherwise, life is too much a race as it is, and for the man with a sailing boat and time at his disposal, the cruising scene comes highly recommended.

Anyone visiting New Zealand who travels by train from Christchurch to Greymouth, watch out for Moana and its little station, and Lake Brunner on your left.



Spinnakers set against a snow-covered peak.



The writer with Nip the dog.



Rum flavoured coffee break in a quiet creek.

*Frisky Whiskey* in the 24-hour race.





One time, we went in the Reynolds with the "White Boat" to St. George Island with the whole coast-house crew. Not just the children, but the Martini party from the porch, too. What had happened was that the constituents of the porch crowd had gradually gotten younger and younger as the Reynolds crew got older and older. Some of us graduated to the porch as puberty infected us and that accounted for a little of the change, but the main thing was that my father's books were selling very well and some of the "young adults" they were aimed at were groupy around and they were so young that they got tired of sitting on the porch listening to the scintillating. The books were adventurous and attracted adventurous fans and I guess they saw us children out there passing by in the old Reynolds and, kind of like a dog looking at car he wants to chase and then back at the porch he is supposed to stay on, they just kind of drifted out the screen door.

All of them started going to St. George Island and it was a big deal (pimento cheese for one thing) and a more varied exposure to social opportunity for us children (me, for instance). I think I was fifteen the summer the Reynolds saved all those people. The reason I remember my age was because that was the year I skipped the 9th grade. I didn't skip it because I was so smart that the school put me up a grade... well, that ain't exactly accurate. I skipped it because I was so smart that I put myself up a grade.

I hope the statute of limitations has run out on things like this because I have to admit something to you. I never was all that big on school (can you tell?) and I was a real hooky artist. Not only did I skip whole days at school, I was so slick that there were some classes I never attended when I was in attendance, things like Health and P.E. and a lot of Social Studies. "Brush your teeth after every meal." That's horseshit. Other animals don't brush their teeth and, unless they have been inbred for cute too much, they don't have any trouble with them. I think that scum protects the teeth from decay.

One of my father's wives used to brush the teeth of her standard poodle with an electric toothbrush. Jesus, the poor dog shivered like she was freezing to death the whole time. Did the same thing when they took her to get bred. The offspring was supposed to be worth a thousand bucks a piece. Too bad it didn't work, and then her teeth fell out too.

So my education wound up sort of spotty. I never did find out the importance of why saliva changes sugar to starches and starches to sugar and I don't know the names of all the presidents of the United States or the capitals of each and every one, nor am I all that knowledgeable about the intricacies of old English royalty like what their last names were and which wife got her head chopped off and all. I do know about the divorcee Wallace Simpson though. I slept at the Indiantown Inn where she worked as a waitress... might have slept in the same bed. It was mighty old. Skipping school really didn't do me much damage in the long run so far. I know a thing or two about a thing or two and did back when I was fifteen years old too.

There was this girl who was hanging around the coasthouse then. She was, I guess, about 22 years old. She was one of the instigators of the "leave the porch" movement and I liked her fine. Back then, I was in the middle

## Another Reynolds Rescue

By Robb White

of my stingaree spine collection. I had a quart gin bottle (guess where it came from) almost full of stingaree spines. At first I was sticking the poor things with a regular, barbless flounder gig. I didn't want to kill the creature, I just wanted to pull his (or her... female stingrays get much bigger than males) spine off with my old rusty waterpump pliers and put it in my gin bottle. Too bad there wasn't any gin left in there because it stank like the dickens when I unscrewed the cap.

By the time of this rescue, I was trying to get the biggest of those marvelous spines I could and St. George had (and still has) some of the biggest stingarees I have ever seen anywhere. A flounder gig won't hold a ray as big as the shadow of a Volkswagen, though, so I laboriously filed myself a little harpoon head out of an all-steel oyster knife (Carvel Hall... most excellent) and I stuck the flounder gig into a little hole I drilled (burnt up and broke about 34 of my father's drill bits) in it. When I stuck a stingaree, the head would go all the way through the wing and come off the gig, turn sideways and toggle to him (her) with fifty feet of 3/8" Manila line. She would have to come on in then. Boy, I had some big stingaree spines in my bottle by the time of this particular rescue.

Before I saved all those people, I had to save myself from this girl. The peculiarities of my education and social life had left me unprepared for the rigors of puberty. The few times I attended school, I was sort of a social outcast. I wasn't a wretch like these modern killer-jerks or anything. I wasn't even unhappy with my status. I just didn't fit in. My clothes were a good example. All the other boys my age wore tight blue jeans hauled down as low as possible to the pubic bone and they all had a waxed, flat-top hairdo, mowed off plum bald in the middle of the top. Me, I wore my father's old passed-down khaki pants. They were too big so I hauled them up high and cinched them up tight (my hairdo was what could best be called "shaggy bristles"). That and the Weldwood glue and model airplane cement (Ambroid) that I dribbled and wiped on my clothes sort of kept the girls off me.

Which was a good thing, because, starting about the time of this incident, I have had a lot of trouble with them. That's one of the reasons I had to give up driving convertible cars... they came in over the doors every time I had to slow down. Now I have to keep the air conditioner fixed in these old junkers for the same reason... so I can keep the windows rolled up when I am in town.

Maybe I should have got me some jeans and stayed in school and passed notes and played footsy under the desk while I listened to some old siseter explain all about the civilizations of the Tigris and Euphrates... which, I read a wonderful book about the marsh Arabs of that region.. I wonder what happened to that wild and primitive bunch in the face of all this. Anyway, if I had stayed in class instead of skipping off all the time, I might have been better prepared for what happened to me over

there on St. George Island.

I guess I ought to explain how I got away with playing hooky to salvage a little credibility... and, that's another unique bit of knowledge that I would hate to be lost after I'm gone, so I better set it down for posterity. What I figured out was that if you don't ever show up on the first day of class, your name won't get into the roll book, and when the bell rings and all the other students come out of the Geometry class and head for Home Ec, all you have to do is wander off down through the furnace room, hit the creek and be gone. I had a headline in my pocket and my lunch box. That's how I learned "catch and release". I couldn't take any more home than would fit in my lunch box... and belly. You know a roasted horny head (horned dace) is a fine little snack. I could listen to the other students up there hollering at P.E. while I was sucking on the bones.

I got to tell you why I skipped whole the ninth grade (I'll tell you how later) and then I'll get back to how the old valiant Reynolds rescued all those people from St. George Island. I already knew all the science and algebra because of my mother and father who both knew how to cut right straight to the facts of the matter and I just couldn't see anything else they had up there that would be of any use to me.

Which, you know, I don't believe they have improved education all that much since then. They treat us as if we were all the same and destined to comply with the conventions of the TV. There are all different kinds of children and some of them just damned sure ain't the type to become enraptured by the current trends in curriculum. Most of my expensive power tools were bought, real cheap, from school auctions when the current trend of eliminating shop class came along about the time of the new math. Of course, shop class wasn't worth a flip (taught by an assistant coach... I made a lamp) in my day. I am going to step out on a limb here; school ain't worth a flip, a waste of time, like making a lamp.

So what happened over there on St. George was that this 22 year old woman decided that she needed to reveal to me the true depth of my ignorance (which was not so deep as she imagined... during my year off from school, I had read the complete *Memoirs of Casanova*, all 35lbs worth, which will educate a person beyond what is normally expected).

"Have you ever kissed a girl?" was how it started.

"Yeah, I kissed my sisters on their cheeks when they were sweet little babies," was my reply.

"No," she said, "I mean, have you ever kissed a girl, not related to you, on the lips?"

"Nope, never wanted to do that, seems kind of nasty to me... you know, kind of like how chickens copulate."

"Well, you are mistaken," she stated assertively (she was in college studying to be a school teacher), "it's not nasty and the chickens don't think so either and I am going to show you."

Fortunately I was able to outrun her easily.... didn't even have to drop my gin bottle or my harpoon.

All this carrying on sort of kept us from keeping a weather eye out. All of us children would have instantly noticed if we had been on our own but we were too distracted by the



complications of the new social situation to notice that the whole western horizon had begun to cloud up. The first hint us socializing fools had was when the sun got cut off and the sand began to blow into the pimento cheese sandwiches and the White Boat began to drag anchor.

I guess I'll have to tell you about that boat. I think it might have been the first fiberglass runabout ever made. My father loved a modern gadget more than anybody I ever knew and I believe he might have had an interest in the company. Anyway, it was a Winner fifteen foot fiberglass boat built, I believe, in 1953. It was as stark white as anything I have ever seen. You could hardly look at it in the bright sun. It was also extremely heavy... about half an inch thick. The Reynolds would run rings around it with a seven and a half and it had a thirty. It was a good seaboat though and very dry.

The designer went to the max with the new medium and put a bow on there that couldn't done with anything other than bent-to-broke strip planking. It had a hollow to the forefoot like the inside of a spoon and cheeks like Shirley Temple... then it flared out to the foredeck (blue... thank goodness) like the bow of an aircraft carrier. It had a plastic windshield on it at first, but that useless thing soon disappeared along with the silly steering wheel and all those ridiculous cables and controls, including the starter switch.

You know, if you have to have all that in a fifteen foot skiff, you are overloading your lifestyle with unreliability. As soon as my father ran off to California to write for the movies and TV, (he wrote a lot of the Perry Masons) we cleaned that old White Boat up and I eventually put an old surplus storm boat motor on it and, for the first time got that old, heavy tub up on a sure-enough plane.

But on the day I outran the schoolteacher (good thing it wasn't my wife-to-be.... twelve years old at that time, she'd caught me), all that crap was still intact and dragging anchor. When we finally caught the damn thing with the Reynolds, way out into the pass, it was blowing for real. My father got off onto the White Boat and tried to start it with the key but the battery was dead, so he had to climb back in the stern to open the door in the shroud of the engine and reveal the pull rope.

Then the remote controlled choke cable way up there in the dashboard wouldn't let him choke the thing right and he pulled and pulled until he finally snatched the rope out of the recoil starter.... no tools to take that off to get to the rope wrapper on the flywheel and besides, by then, it was way too rough to hang over the transom and do all that mechanic work, so I took him in tow.... finally. It was so rough that I couldn't get alongside to let him get in to hold hold the bow of the Reynolds down so it was a sure-enough slow, crooked trip back to the little forlorn-looking crowd standing on the east-end point of the island in the driving rain.

And it kept on getting rougher all the time. If it had been these days, the little, artificial German on the weather radio would have told us that this wasn't just another thunderstorm but a major meteorological event. If it had developed a little further down by Yucatan, it would have made a hurricane and, as it was, it stormed for two days.

When we finally got loaded up to head back, it was a borderline situation and if St. George hadn't been so inhospitable a place to

spend two days on, we would not have risked it but we knew we were looking at a dismal prospect so we decided to make a try. The wind was about straight out of the west... right down the bay, and we had to crab up into it to make any headway toward the mainland. It was far too rough to go directly because the shallow bay was making breakers out of all those waves, we couldn't bail fast enough even though we had plenty of eager people and containers.

Most of the people were huddling down in the White Boat... all you could see of them was the water they were throwing over the side. My mother and Bruzwully and I were the only ones in the Reynolds. I was running the engine and dodging the towline which was made up to a peculiar trailer eye that stuck up out of the middle of the boat and held the line just barely high enough to clear the engine... a good towing arrangement when it was calm enough for the man at the engine to keep on the same side all the time.

That's how we pulled for water skiing. That line was trying to gnaw my ears off that day. My father and the rest of the crew finally got the White Boat trimmed to tow without yawing, but it was still very slow going. We needed more line so we could get adjusted to the wavelength but we didn't have it and besides, by the time we got out there and under-way, it was too rough to fool with any changes. It was a good thing that we had had sense enough to get the gas cans out of the White Boat before we left because there certainly would be no handing over of anything from then on and the engine of the Reynolds burned a lot of gas that day.

That engine was an Evinrude eighteen. Back in those days, Evinrude made two models out of the same engine. An eighteen was also a twenty five, like a nine point nine is a fifteen now. They did that for years. As far as I could tell, there was not any difference in the two engines at all except for the bore of the carburetor... and the price. That's another example of what happens to people who spend too much time in school. They get so indoctrinated into accepting bullshit that they'll buy into a scam like that. On that day, it was a good thing that the old Reynolds had the eighteen instead of the old original Scott Attwater seven and a half that we attempted to run for so long. The Evinrude never missed a lick all that way.

You know, the memory of really hard times sort of misses getting properly embedded in the brain. I don't remember much of that trip. I guess I sat back there and tried to dodge the biggest of the waves while Momma and Bruzwully bailed and swapped gas tanks all day long. I just forgot about the White Boat trying to snatch us into a broach all the time. It was a long, miserable trip though. You'll just have to take my word for it.

Another time, I had a long miserable trip that I don't remember much about. My wife and I sailed straight across the Gulf from Dog Island to Pass-a-Grille down around Tampa Bay in our old raggedy Morgan thirty. I would have made another plan when it started breezing up that time, but my son and his new wife were waiting for us there on his sailboat and expecting us to show up. I didn't want to worry him when it started storming, so we beat right dead into it for what seemed like three or four days.

I couldn't open the companionway but just a little crack and didn't dare quit the look-

out for fear of getting run over in the poor visibility so I stayed up there in the cockpit, wrapped up in the sail cover and tried to duck the solid green water coming over the bow. I think that's the only time I ever looked up at a spotted dolphin. The only sail I could carry was a reefed to nothing main and it wasn't doing anything. My little, thirty year old, twelve horse Volvo was all that was accomplishing anything at all. That and my wife down there with the RDF and the saltines with her feet jammed against one side of the dinette (which, phooey on such a thing... I am going to gut it out of there) and her back against the other. All I remember of the trip was watching the crack in the companionway for her to pass me another saltine.

So the heroic rescuers and the shivering rescued finally waded ashore at the coast house. Most of us... those who could get a car to start... headed on back to high ground, but some of us had to stay to try to take care of the Reynolds and the White Boat which had to ride at anchor through the rest of the storm. My father gallantly offered to let this 22 year old woman take his Porsche (356A Speedster just like James Dean killed himself with) so her ride went off without her... then the Porsche wouldn't start so she was stuck with us remnants to wait the storm. Me and Bruzwully and some other children played Monopoly with her when we weren't bailing the boats. Except for a little hiding of money, there was no hanky panky. I think she might have learned her lesson.

I almost forgot that I was going to tell you how I skipped the ninth grade! I just never went on the first day. I had had a special driver's license since I was fourteen and drove the car that hauled all the other children. When I finished dropping them off at their schools, I just kept on driving. It was a very educational year. When the time came to go to high school, I just went to the tenth grade. They didn't find out about it until I was ready to graduate out of the twelfth... they were very perplexed about what to put into my permanent record. Didn't bother me a bit. I enlisted in the Navy where I was perfectly safe from 22 year old girls.

## Good Skiffs



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The point of departure, the dock on Haiti. A sloop is loading passengers and goods for LaGonave.



Still catching fish. A dugout "dory" with a sprit sail waits her owner's return.



Awaiting repairs. Part of the fleet awaits repairs alongshore near the docks.

Bottom work. A group of maritime workers, ie. crew, work on the bottom of one of the sloops.



## Working Haitian Waters

Comments and Photos by Barry Donahue

I went along on a trip to Haiti with Nauset High School students from here on Cape Cod to chronicle the trip for our newspaper, the *Cape Cod Voice*. The students went there to teach music and help construct a music center for kids on the island of LaGonave. Going out to LaGonave from Haiti is a bit like going out to Nantucket from the Cape, except that LaGonave is roughly 20 by 30 miles with about 100,000 people on it. It is so rugged one never sees more than about 20 people at any one time except at the market. No cops, no doctors, just the most rugged bit of land I've been to.

But back to the boats. As we left Haiti I noticed a sloop loading passengers and goods for LaGonave. I shot up a storm, figuring that this was the only vessel there. When we got to LaGonave was I surprised to see, either alongshore or working the waters, over 50 vessels. Not a straight mast in sight, but plenty of sail. As our trip went immediately inland I only got to see the port coming and going. Herewith a few photos.



Homeward. A fisherman returns with a bit of fish to sell after a morning's sail. He uses a slightly larger vessel than the dugout, but still smaller than the sloop in the background.



It's a little under 200 miles, as the crow flies, from the interior reaches of Narragansett Bay to New Hampshire's Isle Of Shoals, but to mate Scott and I, who were but flinchingly confident in the whole barebones cruising concept, it seemed not that far removed from the drama of ocean passages in more worthy craft that we'd read of so enthusiastically in the sailing magazines and books by Slocum, the Pardeys, Hiscocks and others.

I'd taken a big step in upgrading the comfort department over the previous winter by adding a small, home-built kennel of a cabin in honey brown mahogany, plywood and canvas that offered modest creature comforts, sitting headroom aft and 6' long berths on its floor. We'd also acquired a new mainsail with three reefing points, a storm jib and had built a spare rudder and tiller which brought our investment to something over \$2,000.

It was with high hopes that we tacked our way out of the narrow Barrington River. We'd not even cleared the channel when we met our first challenge, as a pair of high sided cabin cruisers bore down on us at flank speed forcing us out of the channel to the near shore where rocks flashed beneath us and the centerboard danced about erratically as it probed the bottom under five feet in depth.

Expressing our displeasure at such loutish behavior with internationally recognized sign language, we kept climbing to windward and not much after noon gained the broad channel of the Providence River. We were glad to be in open water, but the white flecked reaches of Narragansett Bay framed the dimension of our challenge much more dramatically than had months of cruising guide reading and idle speculation. Shaping a course for the Mount Hope bridge brought the freshening southwester on the beam and our little cruiser scurried eastward, throwing an occasional wreath of spray on her decks as the newly minted flood tide kicked up a fuss.

Navigation duties on the *Leight* fell to whoever was not on the helm and Scott called out a course as I reacquired myself with the sweep of Narragansett Bay. To the west lay the low green shore of Greenwich and Wickford where a cranking westerly dismasted the *Leight* on an earlier weekend cruise. With her new mast, a sturdy wooden spar that we'd purchased for \$175, holding strong the villages of Warren and Bristol, cast in the cloth of classic old New England seaports, came into view on the slopes of gently rounded hills to the east.

It was Bristol where the deans of American yacht designers, the Herreshoffs, held forth crafting works of yachting art for the anointed. I wondered what L. Francis or Nathaniel G. would think of upstarts like us coasting along in a vessel that was contrary in almost every respect to what they thought proper for such work. In the same breath I caught myself thinking, who was I to be taking their views lightly? While there is some fun to be had in challenging the icons of convention, down deep I knew I still didn't have enough confidence in the barebones cruising concept to dismiss other views, though I'd been much encouraged by other cultural icons like Thoreau and Emerson.

"The Bay", as Narragansett is known to locals like Scott who was born in Bristol, is freighted with a rich history. From the conspicuous consumption and social glitter of old Newport to the America's Cup drama and its eminence as an international yachting center,



The wind freshened as we made west across Narragansett Bay toward the Mt. Hope Bridge. (David Buckman Photograph)

## Two Guys Cruise Narragansett Bay To New Hampshire

### Part 2

#### *Bucking The Tide*

Excerpts from the book by David Buckman

Scott gave me a thumbnail sketch of its past and present as we hardened sail and made for the headwaters of the Sakonnet River. I was paying less attention to his historical histrionics, however than I was to the strengthening southerly and what strategy we might apply to sailing through the narrow gut under the black iron Portsmouth swing bridge.

The heavy boat traffic funneling through that gap was but one concern as we held her feet to the fire and slanted toward the narrowing river gateway, the sails gripping about being held so close winded. We felt like a high jumper trying to pace our stride in order to leap at the optimum moment. Oncoming traffic complicated the matter, though we found those we crossed paths with well versed in letting us squeeze through. Mounting the rail as we closed on the 90' wide span, the tidal current swirled in pulsating heavings that twitched the bow about.

Making little more than two knots over the ground, despite gusty winds that raked the waters, it seemed as though we were playing out a slow motion scene. The stream running afoul of our intentions gave good steerage way, however and we managed to weave our way between two sloops that came bounding through with the wind astern. As we approached the apex of our final thrust, feeling somewhat like we were playing a game of "chicken", we stuck our chin out. To our dismay the gut was fully occupied with a cluster of yachts and motor cruisers forcing us to turn

tail a dozen yards in front of the lead vessel. Backtracking we laid aflutter stream side and collected out wits as the parade passed by.

"I told you it'd be exciting," the mate grimaced. "We could get through. I did it once in *Farstar*," he said, adding almost as an afterthought, "It might take a few tries. Why don't we just motor through, both the wind and tide are against us and we've got a lot of ground to cover to make Sakonnet Harbor before dark."

With that dose of reality I surrendered my, "but this is a sailboat argument," handed him the helm, leaned aft and gave a few yanks on the starter cord on the 1950-something Evinrude. With what was left of her original three horsepower straining away at full throttle and the sails flapping madly we crept back up the gut making little more to the good than we had under sail. Old outboard motors were temperamental things, especially ones you can buy for less than a hundred dollars and we operated on the principle that the less we used it, the better. Besides we regularly sailed the little sloop into the slimmest of possibilities.

Lurching into the basin beyond the bridge we let draw once again. It was a little unsettling to be threading our way through such a large flotilla but she shuddered along gamely, her rail pinned to the water and a constant stream of spray cascading aft. Within the narrow confines of the river the southerly seemed to have picked up steam and the constant working of the sheets needed to keep her on her feet was a dismal a prospect to endure for another four hours. Though our destination, Sakonnet Harbor laid but a dozen miles to windward as the crow flies, it would require twenty miles of slashing to weather to make good.

Bringing her into the wind, I tied in the first reef as Scott kept her footing along under the jib. Bending to the task once again we appreciated the relative comfort of being able to stay in the cockpit where the shelter of the cabin and anticipatory body English offered some respite from the constant gallanage of spray arcing aft. Laboring past reedy saltings that gave way to green meadows and forested



heights we admired the handsome old estates perched high above the river.

At one point, Scott zigged when he should have zagged and suffered a particularly egregious dunking. Turning to me with a stream of seawater running over his watchcap and face, he uttered in the best kings English, "Gentlemen do not beat to windward sir."

I was glad to see that his sense of humor was intact and I could not resist a pithy response, "Gentlemen don't carp about getting wet sir. It's only water." The laughter lightened the mood as did our subsequent, but fruitless, calling to riverside wood nymphs. Our levity was tempered a few minutes later, however. Reaching into the cabin to get a can of soda the mate turned to me with a start and offered, "We're taking on some serious water!"

Peering inside, I was taken aback to discover the floorboards awash and that the sloshing bilge waters had soaked the bottom half of the canvas storage bags hung between the topside frames. What a letdown. We'd yet to finish our first day of our cruise and half of our clothes, including those on our backs were already wet. It was my fault. I'd neglected to cover the canvas containers with plastic bags in our rush to get going. That's the way it is with sailing. The smallest of details and errors of omission can have big impact.

The *Leight*, or *Leaky T*, as the blasphemous mate occasionally referred to her, had always been a leaker despite my best efforts to the contrary. This day's influx was well beyond the normal volume, however, a condition I attributed to the fact that she'd been out of the water for a week prior to the cruise. It was my fervent hope and best guess that she'd swell back to her normal modest leakage inflow. Surprisingly the cabin was an oasis of quietude when I climbed in and evacuated a half dozen bucketfuls of the briney.

The civilizing influence of the sun, very much appreciated as we slashed downriver,

A single burner cookstove, set p in the cockpit, answered well for our cooking needs. (Scott Smith Photograph)



was missed the minute it dipped behind Aquidneck Island and withdrew its warmth. The velvety vastness of evening was descending over the darkening waters and we breathed a sigh of relief when at last when we could lay a course to our long sought sanctuary. Coming upon a string of floats as we closed the shore, we were maddeningly pushed back into mid-stream, having decided it best not to cross over them. It was with considerable relief when, on a dying breeze, we at last slipped behind the flickering beacon on Breakwater Point and into the quietude of little Sakonnet Harbor.

Landing at the yacht club I went topside to request permission to lay alongside, but there being no one about to contest our occupation, we settled in. While Scott furled the sails and straightened out the cockpit, I slid below to sort the wet from the dry and passed the former out to the mate who hung it in the rigging. The *Leight* looked like a gypsy caravan. As it turned out much of what was stowed in the lower reaches of the bags were infrequently worn articles of clothing so our loss was less than anticipated.

After wiping down the cabin sides and floor with paper towels, I laid out the foam pads and sleeping bags, lit the lantern and invited Smithy in to join me for a cocktail hour. As small and Spartan as the cabin was, it was possessed of a particular snugness most welcome after the days long haul in which we'd sailed nearly 40 miles to make good 26.

Digging out a bottle of Yukon Jack, as was his cruising custom, my companion threw back a deep swallow and roared in a gravelly voice specially reserved for such moments, "Argh matey," as he toasted the *Leight*. Scott had always been taken with the brew's slogan and read dramatically from the label before he passed it over, "A taste born of hoary nights when lonely men struggled to keep their fires lit and their cabins warm."

"It's plenty hoary enough for me," I said, returning his salute and soon the tribulations of the day faded and laughter rang from the little sloop.

Food service aboard the *Leight* might best be described as "filling but forgettable". Setting the one burner stove alight on the cockpit floor, I soon had two steaks sizzling away in a cast iron fry pan. In the meantime the ever social mate wandered over to a nearby yawl and fell into conversation with the skipper. I'd just emptied a can of beans into the pan when he returned and reported that the gentlemen he'd been talking to thought our adventure a grand one and offered none of the doubts that had commonly risen in such exchanges.

We savored the meal quietly, realizing for the first time how tired we were. Clearing the bilge afterward we settled into our sleeping bags. I left the small bilge pump wedged into the centerboard trunk so I could take a few strokes on it in the middle of the night before the *Leight's* rising internal tide soaked our sleeping gear.

"Remember Bucky," the mate on the other side of the centerboard trunk offered with a chuckle seconds before he started snoring, "the tide waiteth upon the sloth on no man."

The arrival of morning was much burdened by a dull pewter sky, whisks of fog, a forecast for 15-25 knot southwesterly winds and small craft warnings. We kicked the options for the day around. Both of us shared the view that it was too early in our week long cruise

for a lay day unless things were really marginal. Given the early hour we hoped we might cover a fair bit of ground before the winds strengthened to its usual afternoon peak and, given the fair slant down Buzzards Bay, we took our departure after a breakfast of donuts and juice.

We'd have preferred more visibility and less wind on our first foray in these waters but we were no strangers to these conditions and knew that if we didn't give it good go, we most likely regret it later.

Only minutes after making for the mouth of the Sakonnet River, with a reef in the main and jib flying, our circumstance felt much like the previous day's windward grind. Bashing into a cauldron of steep sided seas whipped up by the last of the ebbing tide and opposing wind, our little sloop laid over on her ear and bucked and tossed into the tumultuous white crested seas. Laying her a notch free of the wind she cut buoyantly across the fray, her face slapped repeatedly and as stream of salty tears sluicing aft.

We'd thoroughly studied our early bail-out options, I wondered if we'd need to employ them as we weathered the breakers bursting in a frenzy on the rocky buttresses of Schulyer Ledge. Our sense of relief was palpable when we were finally able to bear off the wind. Ahead lay the plentifully periled waters of Buzzards Bay, a forty mile long sound contained on its southern flanks by the Elizabeth Islands and to the north and east by the low mainland coast and Cape Cod.

Bounding along smartly at more than six knots with the sails winged out, our spirits were high despite the rain sodden clouds that scudded overhead and streamers of fog that blotted out sight of shore.

"Skipper, we've got company," the shipmate announced as he pointed off to starboard, "and I think she's coming over to take a look at us," he added.

It felt good to have companionship amongst the racing crests. Of twice the *Leight's* stature, the trim yawl was running under mainsail alone. Closing on our quarter she ranged alongside. We got a friendly wave from her helmsman and a good looking over by her crew, but their shouts were lost in the waves and wind. With hand signals we let them know that all was well and after a few minutes they peeled off, for Cuttyhunk we imagined, and were soon lost in the fog.

While the log noted seas to ten feet and hindsight scaled them back six feet, they heaped up haphazardly, their seething crests toppling noisily about us. There seemed high drama to our situation, a wildness that was riveting. Hauling the centerboard up 'till her draft was little more than two feet eased the helm and made her feel more wholesome. I'd seen more than a few Lightnings broach on downwind spinnaker runs when they tripped up on the centerboard.

Like a skier playing the rhythm of the mountainside, we'd crest one wave, swoop into the trough of the next with a rush of speed that would carry us up and over another tossing slope. She answered the helm with a sureness that gave us some confidence, which is not to say that we were without concern. Peering into the murk there seemed a certain gravity to our condition. It's not easy to adequately convey the intensity and uncertainty of the environment. Enveloped in a vaporous brew we were torn by the monotony of watching



the swinging compass card and looking for shipping, which we sometimes heard but never saw. The most bothersome of moments were the resounding cracks and boat shaking snaps produced when the jib would collapse in the wind's shadow, the refill with a sharp report that was telegraphed from shaking stem to stern. "Skip, I think I'm going to be sick," the mate mumbled as he reached under the deck for a bucket. "No, I know I'm going to be sick," he confirmed a minute later.

Having spent a good deal of time hunched over the chart trying to sort out our course and calculate our progress his pallor had taken a turn for the worse. "That's where Joshua Slocum started his singlehanded circumnavigation in the Spray in 1909," he noted weakly pointing north to where he guessed Fairhaven lay.

Knowing mal de mer to be an incurable affliction, I resisted the temptation to ask him how he felt for fear that the very act of considering the question would send him over the

edge. Handing him a soda and telling him to keep his eyes on the horizon was all that I could offer. His moment of extremis was exceedingly graphic and though he said he felt better afterward, I didn't.

Startled by the appearance of a pale brown lump rising from the water fine on the bow we snubbed the jib via a downhaul led into the cockpit to slow our flight. The shape slowly evolved into the hulk of a rusted old freighter impaled on Wilkes Ledge. There was an eerie cast to its skeletal remains. We tried to fathom the knee shaking terror the moment her fate was sealed. Riding this train of thought we realized that if a seagoing vessel of this stature could run afoul of Buzzard Bay, what might be the fate of minimally appointed amateurs of our ilk?

We discussed putting into Fairhaven or Nasketucket Bay. The outcome was decided by default as our "whadda ya think?" brought no decisive conclusions and our rapid progress rendered the question moot.

(To Be Continued)

A fresh southwesterly pushes the Leight down Buzzards Bay and we made the 36-mile run from Sakonnet Harbor to Marion in 6 hours, not bad for a 19-foot. (David Buckman Photograph)



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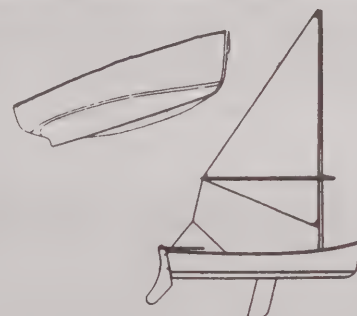
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All aboard on *Sultana*.

## My Time As a Shipwright

By A. J. Koledziejski

The schooner *Sultana* is an undertaking of Sultana Projects, Inc., a non-profit organization based in Chestertown, Maryland. Founded in 1997, *Sultana's* mission is to provide unique, hands-on educational experiences in colonial history and environmental science. The principal classroom for *Sultana* is a full-scale reproduction of the 1768 colonial schooner *Sultana*.

*Sultana* sails the waters of the Chesapeake Bay each year from April through November and provides educational programs for over 5,000 students annually. *Sultana* also of-

fers land-based educational opportunities in the form of classroom outreach programs and boatbuilding courses at the Schooner *Sultana* Shipyard in Chestertown. Typical *Sultana* program participants include: Elementary & middle school classes, college students & faculty, adjudicated and at-risk youth, corporate groups, senior programs & elder hostels and many others.

In June 1998, while my family (wife Michelle and son Zack age 10) and I were at the WoodenBoat show in St. Michaels Maryland, I discovered a very interesting project. We were at the show to build a Bevin's Skiff as one of the 60 families building 60 boats. It took nearly the entire weekend, so I had very little time to look at the show. I had exactly one half hour on Sunday morning, so I raced around the show, and then saw a giant frame of a ship. That's when I met John Swain, Melinda Bookwalter (his wife), and Drew McMullen. As we talked, I learned about a ship called the *Sultana*. They were preparing to build her on the Eastern Shore, Chestertown, Maryland. The keel was to be laid in October of 1998. I signed up on the spot to be a volunteer.

Growing up, I was always making toy boats. Some were very simple, a piece of driftwood, a stick mast, and a cottonwood leaf for a sail. Some were more elaborate. At age of 16, I had some money saved up. I had two choices; buy a car or buy a canoe. I chose the canoe. An old wood and canvas one I bought from a family friend, my pseudo-Grandfather. Both of my Grandfathers died before I could get to know them. As we were shaking hands on the deal, he looked me straight in the eye and said, "You've got to promise me you'll never sell that canoe," and I promised. It's nearly 25 years later, and I still have that 16' 1936 Old Town CS Grade OTCA. That canoe was the beginning of a lifetime of building and restoring canoes and antique powerboats.

My family and I live near Lancaster, PA, which means it's 110 miles to Chestertown. I would make the trip down and back every other Saturday for one and one half years, which was halfway through construction. That's when John Swain offered me the opportunity of a lifetime. I was hired on as a full time shipwright in March, 2000. For the duration of my employment, I had a place in Chestertown, and for a year and a half, I would make the trip down on Tuesday morning, and work four ten hour days, then drive back Friday evening.

The original *Sultana* was built in the shipyard of Benjamin Hallowel in Boston in 1767, and was sold to the British Navy in 1768. After being sailed to England and refitted to be a navy patrol boat instead of a cargo vessel, she was sailed back to America and patrolled the coast from Virginia to Nova Scotia for approximately four years. The British realized she was too small to be very effective as a tax revenue enforcement ship. *Sultana* was sailed back to England, decommissioned, and sold. She was then used as a cargo vessel, and her ultimate fate is unknown.

The British Navy kept detailed records, and original drawings of the ship still exist in the archives in England, as well as the logbooks from every single day it was under commission. The ship itself is 53' on deck, 97' overall. The beam is 17', with an 80 ton displacement.

Each frame averaged 700lbs. We used



Roughly two thirds framed mid-summer 1999.

Squaring up the bowsprit with an Alaskan chainsaw mill.





traditional double sawn frames, trunnel fastened and bolted through at the butt joints. Each frame used from six to twelve futtocks, which we cut from curved logs of osage orange. We lofted the ship full-sized, and made plywood templates of each frame. Then we went to the log pile, matched the template to the log, and sawed it on site with a band saw mill. Each futtock was 4" thick, and anywhere from 10" wide at the floor, to 4" wide at the sheer. The futtocks were laid out and fitted. The mating surfaces were painted, tarred, and then assembled.

Since the entire nature of the project was about education, the framing process lasted 11 months. Throughout the construction, classes pertaining to every aspect of the process were offered, and nearly all were filled. The graduates of the classes became a great source for volunteers. Over half of the volunteers to stay connected with the project through completion had gone through one or more of the classes.

When the framing, including deck beams and carlins, was completed in February, 2000, it was then time to fire up the steam-box and begin planking. That's about when I started full-time. The 4" thick bilge stringers and sheer clamps were installed when I took over fitting and fastening the 2" thick ceiling planks. I had done a fair amount of steam bending in my life, even made my own snowshoes when I was 15. But I was about to experience steam bending on a giant scale. The steam box was 15" x 24" x 24", and some planks stuck out four feet. The ceiling planks, only being 2" thick, bent to shape with relative ease, and we were finished in no time.

When it came time to bend the wales on the outside of the frames, that was a different matter. At 3-1/2" inches, thick, and 8" wide, they were a real challenge to wrap around the bow of the ship. Picture that much wood bent on a 7' radius almost 90 degrees from its origin in a confined space. The boatshed left little room to swing the tail end around after fastening the stem. Often we had to clamp the plank 15'-20' from the stem and push the stem end into the frames. All this, while the plank's temperature was 200F or hotter, and the plank weighed roughly 100lbs. To see those planks go on one by one was amazing. By Christmas 2000, she was planked. We actually waited until November, 2000, to start planking below the waterline. This was to minimize plank shrinkage before launch.

Before planking the frames must always be faired. This went relatively fast, because of the great care we took in sawing out the frames. With three guys, a 30' batten, and power planes, it took us only four days to fair the entire bottom of the ship. It took about 134 planks to close it in from the keel to the gunwale. This took six weeks by the time we hung the garboard. We had a great crew of very dedicated volunteers, all specializing in certain tasks.

In January 2001, it was three months until the launch. January was a blur. In February I began making the two masts. The two 60' Douglas fir logs, 26" in diameter still had the bark on when they were delivered. It took a fork-lift on each end to take each one off the truck. The first step was to establish a straight centerline, then make a four sided cant that is tapered over its length. This was achieved by using a large Alaskan chainsaw mill. Because the ship's rig was to include topmasts, this re-



All 76' of the mainmast.



Headed for launching.

Rigging details.

quired leaving a portion of the mast square. The bottom of the mast, from the maststep through the deck was left eight-sided. Everything else was made round.

March was dedicated to painting, and on March 22, 2001, the ship was moved through Chestertown to the foot of High street. There it sat overnight. It was lifted into the water by the Army Barge Derrick 6801, *Keystone State*, in view of thousands.

Between March 23rd and June 30th (my last day to work on the ship), there were almost too many details to complete. The work became fast and furious, but we never compromised on quality or safety. My last day arrived, and I went down to the dock extra early at 5am to stop and look at what we had done. Until that morning, I had always focused on a small portion of the ship. Sitting on deck at sunrise watching the stars in the rigging fade one by one, and knowing I had a hand in bringing *Sultana* to life was a fantastic feeling.

Later in August, I actually got the chance to sail on her for four days. The highlight of





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the trip for me was going aloft to furl the foretops'l in Baltimore's Inner Harbor, out on the footropes 55' off the deck on the mast I made rising from a ship that could have come straight out of the eighteenth century. It was truly a childhood dream come true.

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## From Georgia...

By Bob Hicks

When Robb White isn't building boats or messing about down on that island in the Gulf waters, he's out cutting longleaf pine logs off his property to order. It happens that the latest batch cut was destined to go into the schooner *Adventure* of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

From the Georgia end of this transaction Robb sent on some photos and comments: "I got the durn *Adventure* wood gone on Wednesday. The trucker is an old school style Arkansas owner-operator about my age. That wood will be in Gloucester on Friday. I feel like a new man. I am fixing to throw this damn Rescue Minor out the door real quick, start a new commission, build a run of primitive longleaf pine pirogues out in the yard, and slap together Queen Mab (I just ordered up a set of plans from Phil Bolger) over in the furniture corner of the shop. Hot dog, a full time boatbuilder again!"



Phillip Smith and the trucker, Bob Dilback, putting on the straps. Phillip is an old friend, Woodmizer desperado. Those are pecan trees in the background.



Ready to roll. That's my old diesel Dodge pickup at the right. I think it has nearly a half million miles on it.

46,500lbs, close to a full load. I eyeballed it pretty close (if I do say so myself).



## ...to Gloucester

By the time Robb's letter arrived the logs had long since been unloaded in Gloucester (his 1st Class letter took a week to get from Georgia to Massachusetts. The Postal Service ran a big deficit in 2001 and is looking for more money again already). But I went over to record their presence anyway.



Closeup of some Georgia longleaf pine logs and timbers from Robb White's Woodmizer saw rig.



The brandy new Woodmizer saw rig *Adventure* got ahold of for sawing planking out of those logs.

*Adventure's* port side stripped of her old planking, with new framing already going in. Soon she'll be ready for some of those planks.





As you go through life, different challenges present themselves. What would be a burden at one time in your life may be a fulfilling project at another. This is a story about the repair of an old sailboat. When these events occurred, it was at a point when our children were younger, we were newly returned to town and a backyard repair project was a perfect diversion.

My godfather, Billy, is a man to whom I am devoted. He was my father's best friend. He is a real outdoorsman. I am his one and only "son", as he and his wife had four daughters. Our families did loads of fun things together. This included hunting, fishing, camping and picnicking. When it came to sailing, however, it was Billy's daughters who had the benefit of his instruction.

In 1965, Billy went to Gloucester, Virginia, and purchased, at the factory, a brand new Mobjack sailboat, hull #232, with Dacron sails and a trailer. The Mobjack is a fiberglass, 17' sloop rigged one-design open dinghy with 180 square feet of sail. She can also carry a trapeze and spinnaker for two handed racing, though these amenities are not necessary for day sailing. The boat is similar in size and hull form to the better-known Thistle class dinghy, but is more comfortable to sit in and sail and is self-bailing. The Mobjack was designed by Roger Moorman in 1954 and still enjoys popularity in the Chesapeake Bay area with a smaller group of enthusiasts in Wisconsin.

My godfather's first experience with his new sailboat was to go immediately to a Mobjack regatta, which was being held on Hampton Roads at the mouth of the James River. There, with his two oldest daughters as crew, he raced the new boat against a large group of experienced Mobjack racers. He and his girls survived the race and brought the boat home to Roanoke, Virginia to sail on Smith Mountain Lake. There he taught his girls the fundamentals of sailboating. The Mobjack spent many happy summers down at the lake hauling kids from place to place and racing (casually) in club regattas. The girls used to place lounge chairs on the long open deck to sunbathe. This is a very versatile craft.

As the years went by and the girls grew up and moved, the boat began to see less use. It would sit whole seasons on its trailer with the sails and running rigging safely stored inside. The trailer suffered with the boat, but remained usable.

One summer in the early 1980s, Billy allowed a friend of his to borrow the boat for a weekend of sailing. The friend unfortunately ran the boat onto some rocks and knocked a 10" wide hole in the hull amidships. He managed to get the boat to the ramp and onto the trailer, but it was a mortal blow. The boat then sat behind my godfather's barn for a number of years, assuming "planter" status. Weeds and grasses grew up through the centerboard trunk and the hole in the hull. The tires flattened and cracked. Paint flaked off the trailer.

Now, enters the godson. The phone call in the late fall of 1990 began with something like, "How would you like a sailboat?" Being a fan of small boats for some time, I was of course interested. I had forgotten about the boat and had just recently moved back into the area. A short drive across town and I was reintroduced to Mobjack #232. It in no way resembled my recollections of the sleek sailboat I had seen 20 years earlier. It was a sorry looking mess. The standing rigging was cor-

## Restoring the Mobjack

By Hugh J. Hagan III



roded and tangled. Wire stays were frayed. The mast was straight and true and the hull was in one piece, but that was it. The original sails and sheets were in remarkably good shape, having been stored inside while the boat weathered away outdoors.

We both stood there looking at the boat. It was a lovely late fall day. A bird chirped. A warm breeze rippled through the tall grass and carried the hint of warmer days to come. "Well," said Billy, "It's yours if you want it."

I was thinking about what a project this could turn into. I was sort of familiar with fiberglass repair, but not really. But how hard can it be? Those rotted stays and chalky paint can only be so hard to replace and clean up. Reading my mind, Billy said, "Here is the address of the International Mobjack Association and the name of a man, Bob Stein, who can provide parts and advice. That is, of course, if you are interested."

I then uttered those fateful words that have been repeated for thousands of years by young men presented with the lure of sailing. "I'll take it." The price was right.

"Just get it out of here," said Billy.

Sails and sheets, battens and paperwork went into the back of my Bronco. The trailer tires were inflated and remarkably held air. An expired trailer tag was bolted on and away I went across town with my prize in tow. Upon my arrival home, my long suffering and understanding wife took a look at the Mobjack, rolled her eyes, and went back into the house. "Great!" I think. "She loves it!"

Let the project begin! The first step was to take a real inventory. Mast; present and in good shape. Hull; present but wounded. That hole didn't look quite as bad now, but here is a hole I had not seen in the deck right in front of the transom. It communicated with the air & foam filled space between the deck and the hull of the boat. No doubt some rainwater had gotten in, but the boat had been tipped bow up, so it looked like the rain had escaped out the transom drain hole. Maybe that wasn't so bad.

The standing rigging was a total loss. I could not tell how the main halyard was supposed to be rigged. The transom traveler was a primitive thing. Some pieces were missing. On the plus side, in my yard with the boat on the trailer, you could see what a pretty design

this craft was. Plumb bow and attractive sheer plus she was incredibly roomy inside. I decided that this was a project I could do, and I would learn the necessary skills to see it through.

Before I started ordering parts, I thought I would clean up & repair the hull. I started with lots of warm water, Comet and elbow grease. First I scrubbed out inside the boat and under the seats. There I found the styrofoam flotation glassed in and intact. I also found a large hornets' nest. Fortunately, it was still cool so I was able to evict the hornets without undue trauma. In order to clean the outer hull, I needed to get the boat upside down. The hull weighs around 400lbs. This is pretty easy using the mast as a lever but with the standing rigging unusable that wasn't an option. I dragged the boat off the trailer onto the ground and flipped it over with a series of blocks and tackle using a tree in my yard as an anchor. More scrubbing and things started looking pretty good (holes excepted).

How to patch the holes? I got a basic book and read about fiberglass repairs. I finally succeeded with the repair after cutting away the damaged and delaminated fiberglass, using thickened epoxy to glue in a lattice of wood strips on the inside of the hull and laminating roving and resin overtop. I faired the repairs with Bondo. The deck was repaired the same way. I spent several days sanding, fairing and cleaning the repaired hull and deck. The centerboard got the same treatment.

The hull was originally white, as was the deck. After studying the different paints available, I chose a polyurethane paint, which I purchased from a local auto paint supply house. I chose white for the hull and deck and gray for the interior. The chosen paint was a two-part poly that was expensive and seemed pretty nasty to use. There were warnings all over the can. I wore a mask and latex gloves and worked with caution and a certain amount of fear. Fear is not necessary a bad thing when dealing with a new caustic chemical.

I chose a windless day, mixed a small batch and brushed it on. Remarkably, it looked great! It dried fast, too, so I had to work with small batches. A few days of careful work saw the paint job completed top and bottom. Being late winter in Virginia, I had to wait a while to get a series of days warm enough to paint. The final product probably would have looked better if the paint had been sprayed but the brush paint job came out remarkably smooth. I let everything dry well for a few days before I winched the boat back onto its trailer.

It was at this point that the real fun (and expense) started, because now I had a blank slate from which to build as nice a boat as I could afford. My resource was Bob Stein of Mobjack Systems. Bob had assumed the mantle of Mobjack guru and ran a boat sales and parts supply from his home in Rockville, Maryland. I got his catalog, sat down and made a big list. I started at the tip of the mast and worked my way to the tip of the keel. Although the Mobjack is a simple boat, there are still lots of fittings and stays, blocks and lines and all of it made of stainless steel. Not cheap, but Bob cut me a deal wherever he could. He provided lots of helpful advice. He lent me tools to swage on the Nicopress fittings that created eyes at the ends of the stays. All of this assistance is very typical of the Mobjackers.

The traveler and blocks as well as the "magic box" for tensioning the jib halyard



were all made by Harken and pretty pricey but I was on a roll and my wallet was now numb because I could see the completed boat in my mind's eye, dancing over the waves.

Bob's assistance was critical in the completion of my boat project. I could not have done such a good job without his help and advice. Unfortunately, Bob died of a stroke in 1998. Others have picked up many of his duties, but he is really missed. Until he died, he was the heart of the International Mobjack Association.

Once I had completed the installation of all the new fittings, it was time to put the mast up and see if everything fit. The mast is aluminum, filled with foam and sealed at both ends to provide flotation and prevent turtling in case of capsize. The stepping arrangement is simple and can be done single-handed with both of the sidestays attached. Once the mast is walked up to its upright position, it is a simple matter to walk forward with the forestay in one hand and attach it to the clever tensioning fitting in the forepeak of the boat. With the boat on the trailer and the mast and boom in place, the rig was something to see. I ran up the mainsail and jib. It was just gorgeous! But would it sail?

The launching occurred one lovely early summer day in 1991 at Smith Mountain Lake. The old trailer (with new tires and wheel bearings) made the 30 mile trip with no trouble. I backed the boat down the ramp and into the water. The boat slid off the trailer into the water with no fuss and floated level on its lines. I was amazed! So far, so good!

The sails were slid into position and I paddled out into the little cove opening out on to the main body of the lake. There was a gentle 8 knot breeze blowing. I gathered my courage and hoisted the main with the sheet free and bow into the wind. Everything gently luffed. I quickly hoisted the jib and tensioned the halyard. No capsize yet! Assuming the skipper's position on the comfortable windward gunwale, I sheeted in and bore off. Unless you are a sailor (which I make no big claim to be) you cannot imagine the thrill that you feel when the wind fills the sails for the first time, you sheet in and away you go. I couldn't believe everything was working and yet, I was sailing! Nothing broke. There was a touch of weather helm to give a nice feel to the tiller. I glanced up at the old sails. There was the pretty Mobjack emblem and #232 shining in the sun.

I spent the next couple of hours tacking the two miles or so back and forth across the lake, getting used to the feel of the boat. She was initially tender but would harden up quickly and comfortably. Even in gusts, I had no real trouble heading up a little and easing the sheets. I started to practice my jibes and never broached, even after the wind picked up a bit.

Feeling lucky, I finally headed in and trailered the boat. A couple of older members of our sailing club had been observing, probably prepared to come to the rescue, but they seemed as excited as I was. Tom Morgan, in his early 70s at the time, related tales of Mobjack racing he had done in the early 1960s down on the Chesapeake. He said his knees were not up to a Mobjack any more, but I bet he would have been fine.

After a few more exciting trips to the Lake, this time with my wife and kids, I began to make mental notes about how the boat could be made easier and more fun to handle.

For ease of handling, I installed a Harken jib furler. For fun, I installed a trapeze. The trapeze added a real appeal for my oldest son. Skipping along on a broad reach in 12 to 15 knots of breeze with his tail out over the water was simply a blast! We raced in a couple of weekend races with the small club centerboard fleet. I read and learned the basic racing and right of way rules to avoid blatant fouls and watched the older and better sailors show how it is done.

In late July of 1993, my wife & I packed up the family in the van, loaded two sea kayaks into the Mobjack on its trailer, and drove out to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where we had rented a house with my sisters at Martin's Point on the Choptank River. The Mobjack saw heavy use that week with everyone taking turns on the trapeze. We would load the boat up with four or five family members, sail down the river and beach along the deserted shore to go exploring.

In mid August 1994, my oldest son, who was 10 years old at the time, and I trailered down to Hampton Roads and raced in the Mobjack Nationals, a yearly event. We raced in three races. At the time we had not installed a spinnaker, but we managed to finish one race in the top third of a 25 boat fleet. This was likely an accident as we really were just going with the flow. It was so exciting! In one race, we hit the windward mark and as a penalty had to sail in two circles clear of the other racers. That will really slow you down!

We opted out of the second day of racing because of heavy 20-25 knot winds that preceded a fast moving cold front. We instead went out on the committee boat and fired the starting gun. The racing was thrilling! The boats ran downwind past the committee boat on a plane and on the edge of control. One of the lead boats actually broached at the leeward mark and capsized, but was quickly righted by its experienced two-man crew, and as I recall, still finished near the top on the windward leg. This was a real display of skill. We got all sorts of tips and advice from the veteran Mobjackers that weekend. They are an extremely helpful and friendly group of people, many of whom are second generation racers. We went home inspired.

There followed over the next three years adventures down on the Bay in the summer and racing on the lake in the spring and fall. The boat never failed or broke. I bought a new used set of sails and a spinnaker in 1995, which improved the boat's performance considerably. The spinnaker added a new element of excitement, especially in heavy air or while single-handing.

As my sons grew older and developed their own interests, I invited various friends to crew with me. Eventually though, I was unable to find enough reliable crew to regularly race the boat. This is a common story. I am not a mean skipper. People just get busy with other things.

Family activities shifted to the kids' athletic endeavors. The Mobjack began to spend long periods of time under its tarp, unused and forlorn. I decided to sell the boat, but was ambivalent about it. I wanted a good home for my faithful craft. The perfect buyer finally came along, referred by way of the Mobjack network of owners and sailors. The hopeful purchaser was an older gentleman from Gloucester, Virginia, who was looking to buy two early Mobjacks for his grown kids and





grandchildren. His family had grown up sailing Mobjacks. No other boat would do.

The fateful day arrived and the man from Gloucester and his son pulled into my driveway to examine the boat. They were very happy with the boat's condition. A little bargaining followed and a price was agreed upon. The terms were cash, a method of payment, which has yet to bounce for me. I watched a little sadly as the boat was hitched up to the

buyer's car. As they drove away, I felt a momentary twinge of regret but it passed quickly. I knew they were going to have fun and the boat was in for some vigorous use. I am sure that this is better for the boat than sitting on a trailer, assuming planter status again. I think boats, especially sailboats, carry dreams and hopes with them from owner to owner. This is part of what makes them so appealing.

Would I do this again? Of course! I

learned a lot and, considering the original purchase price of the boat (\$0) came out a little ahead cashwise. I also have the pleasure of knowing that the boat is likely out on distant waters providing a new group of young sailors with fun and adventure. All I carry now of the Mobjack are many pleasant memories and no debt or hassles. When it comes to an old sailboat, these memories may be the greatest reward of ownership.

## A Folding Trailable Houseboat

By Walter Head

Here are three photos of a large scale model of my houseboat design. I would like to determine if there is any interest for this type of boat.

I plan to begin construction of a full-size boat during this summer. It will have a deck surface of 9' wide by nearly 18' long. This deck will be built in a special way that allows it to be taken apart in six sections each of 3' ft by 8'. These sections will easily fit into a pickup truck bed of 4' x 8'. The 8' x 9' cabin consists of panels of special rigid lightweight material. These panels nest into the stack of deck panels adding very little height to the deck stack. A small size U-Haul truck, or a flatbed trailer with a 4' x 8' or 10' bed would be ample transport.

The large model has convinced me of its strength in relatively calm waters. Also, I was amazed at the performance of the pontoons I designed and settled on. They will have close to twice the needed flotation and provide an unusually steady deck.

I've worked out a unique cabin interior layout that will sleep two in separate 30" beds, with real comfort. There is room for one or two slightly smaller beds, if needed. It has good galley space and an enclosed Porta-Potty, and lots of storage.

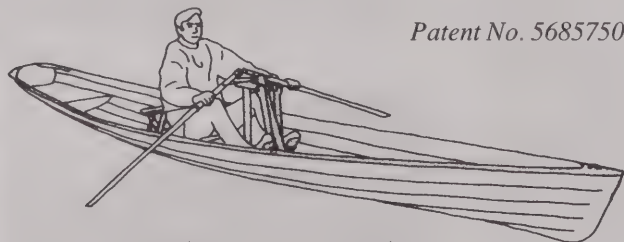
If interest is sufficient, I would work out marketing it. I could make a construction manual (like with my kayaks) but I'd prefer to market a complete boat. I figure the price would have to be between \$2,000 and \$2,500.

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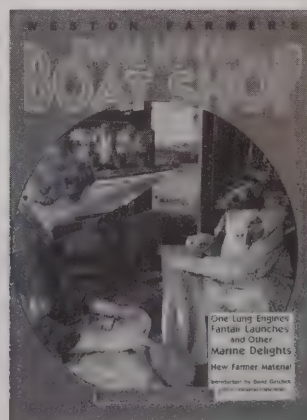
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Dick and Sheri Bartlett own Wagon Wheels campground at the tip of the Door Peninsula, NE of Green Bay. They wanted a lightweight trailer for their 19' x 10' Fulmar trimaran, which could travel on top of their Suburban when the Suburban is towing a camping trailer to Key Largo for the winter, a 1,000 mile trip.

The trailer began with a Topper galvanized roof rack he bought at their factory in Chicago. To this, he welded a tongue of auto exhaust tubing, and a hitch. Underneath were bolted the leaf springs, axle, and wheels from a snowmobile trailer. This gave a light weight trailer to move around, tow or launch the trimaran. Small wooden cradles with padding support the main hull. PVC frames left and right support the akas. On the road, the akas fold up at their midpoints and the amas are lashed together with a pad between them.

The Chevy Suburban had enough roof strength and capacity for the boat and trailer, but they were too bulky to push up a roller over the rear of the Suburban. So he designed a lift with four corner posts, each with a winch, to safely raise the trimaran on its trailer; unbolt the leaf springs, axle and wheels and rebolt them on top; drive the Suburban under; then lower and attach them with turnbuckles to the Suburban's roof rack. A ball on a string orients the positioning as the Suburban is driven underneath.

A local muffler shop welded up his design using three diameters of auto exhaust tubing; 2-1/8", 2", and 1-7/8", which can slip inside each other. The tubing is strong enough,

## Lightweight Cartop Boat Trailer

By Jim Wonnell

has some corrosion resistance, and is probably less costly for its weight than wood or aluminum.

First, 2-1/8" cross tubes were welded front and back under the trailer frame to receive the corner posts. Each of the four corner posts (Figure 1) is 2" diameter x 7'6" long, with a square foot welded on the bottom and a block welded into the top. On each post slides a 2 1/8" diameter with a winch U-bolted and welded to it, and a 12" x 2" diameter piece welded at right angles to slip and bolt into the cross tube. For over the road, the four posts are unbolted and lashed with the mast on top.

He wanted to have the posts adequately clear the Suburban, but be able to retract the cross tubes to reduce their width for over the road. Four 30" lengths of 1-7/8" tubing fit inside at each corner, and slide in the cross tubes to new bolt holes after the posts are removed. Lateral stability was okay but he found that the legs were not stable fore and aft, and might collapse. So he replaced the wire rope on the winches with Dacron line, and used the winch cables with turnbuckles to cross brace the legs (Figure 2).

Little clips of 1/8" galvanized steel were used between mating pieces of exhaust tub-

ing to get enough surface for a good weld. A muffler shop had the equipment and skill to get strong welds with this thin wall stuff.

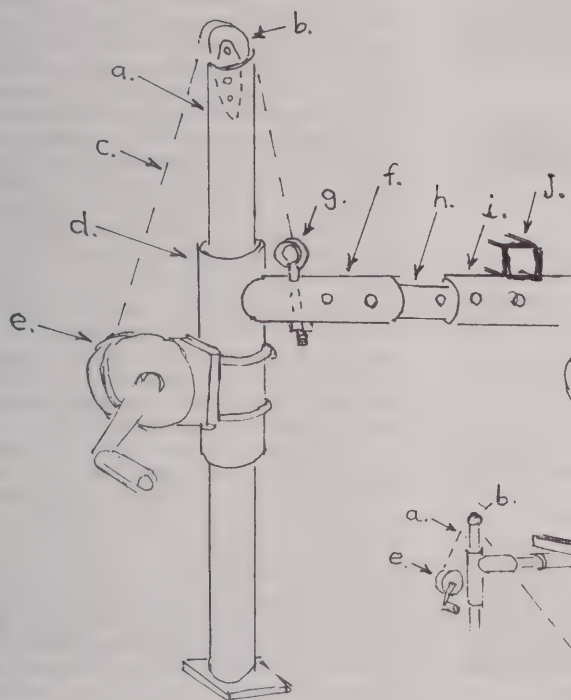
There are lower cost solutions. In Maine, all that is needed is an axe, rope, a chain fall, and running shoes. Trees are cut and lashed into monster tripod(s). Using the tide, a boat or a big engine is lifted onto a truck, repaired, and replaced the same way. But if anything starts to slip, run FAST and FAR.

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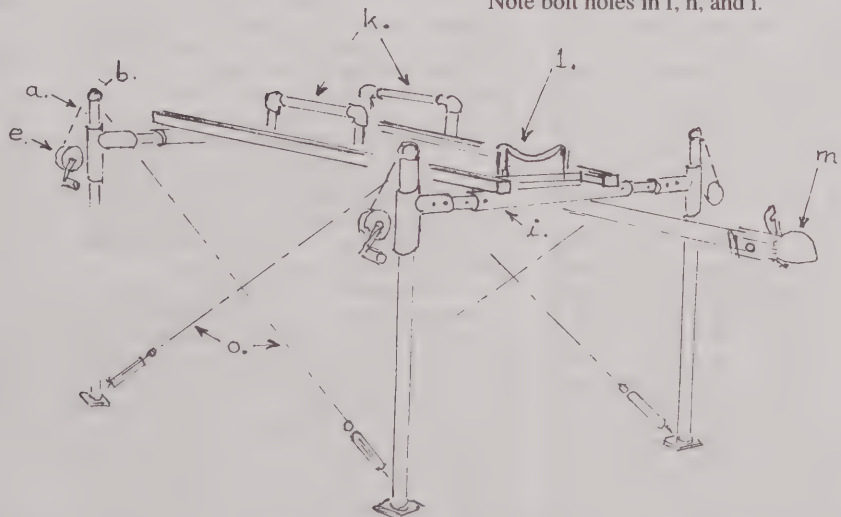
He put a large grommet on the top of the sail sleeve. Thru it slips a 3/8" stainless bolt epoxied into the head of the mast. A 3/8" lock-nut holds a nylon washer and a 3" square stainless plate on the bolt with some clearance, so that the mast can still rotate to reef. Three of the four holes in the corners of the plate take the forestay and shrouds. The fourth hole takes a wind vane. The mast is being reinforced to take the compression.

I hope this helps someone (like me) who was not clever enough to think of these solutions.



- (a) 2" posts about 7'6" long
- (b) block welded into top of (a)
- (c) dacron rope
- (d) 2-1/8" slide 12" long
- (e) winch held with U-bolts and welded onto (d)
- (f) 2" piece 12" long welded onto (d)
- (g) eye bolt for cable
- (h) 1-7/8" extender tube about 30" long
- (i) 2" cross tube
- (j) steel topper frame welded to (i)
- (k) PVC support for aka
- (l) padded wood cradle for hull
- (m) 2-1/8" tongue with hitch
- (n) wheels, axle, and leaf springs
- (o) cables with turnbuckles

Note bolt holes in f, h, and i.







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Pointer followed Blacksnake as my own boat, built in 1960 for study and experience. She was designed as a daysailer and weekender but was a tolerable austere cruiser. I took her off for up to a month at a time and exposed her to some fairly rough water though she was of course not fit to keep the sea in really bad weather on account of the big open cockpit. I exploited her shallow draft and strong bottom for all it was worth, taking her into creeks unthought of by conventional cruising boats, lying over tides on sand and mud flats, and not worrying even about rocks since she would ordinarily sail over anything that could not be seen. Her deep rocker allowed the rudder to be in line with the deepest point of the bottom so that she could dry out with a tide without stressing the rudder.

Pointer's rudder was designed with extra length of stock to allow it to be dropped a foot off the hull in the fashion the working sharpies of New Haven are said to have done for better steering in strong wind. Following tradition on this point, the rudder taught me a valuable lesson, one that still seems lost on even some sharpie aficionados today. The boat did steer well with the rudder in the high position, but I was startled to find that when the rudder was lowered, her handling became very noticeably sloppier. What was happening, as somebody should have noticed a hundred years earlier, was that when the rudder was laid over to turn the boat, some of the water that should have been diverted to one side to turn the boat was now escaping over the top of the rudder blade and losing some of its turning force.

An embarrassingly long time later, ten or eleven years, I drew the obvious inference, that if stopping the flow of water over the top of a rudder improved its action, doing something about the flow under the bottom of the rudder might also be beneficial! I had a horizontal plate fitted along the bottom of a shallow-ruddered catboat (not a sharpie) that was being built to my plans at the time, to channel the flow aft. This was about 1975 and the result of the experiment has benefited every boat since that had any constriction to the depth of her rudder. Even the boats that have a dropping blade hung in a shallow, fixed rudder generally have an end plate on the latter (see # 639 Jochems).

The effect of these end plates is dramatic. It is startling how shallow a rudder can be and still steer the boat, including in rough water, if it is fitted with a large end plate, or with a small one for that matter, but the usual limiting factor in the size of end plates is apt to be their strength rather than diminishing returns (swimmers jump on them among other stresses). My embarrassment over the lengthy gestation of the idea is mitigated by the fact that apparently nobody else noticed the possibility and a great many supposedly qualified people apparently don't understand it to this

## Bolger on Design Pointer Design #115

33' length x 7' beam on deck  
 x 5' beam over chine x 14" draft  
 x 4500lbs x 1160lbs ballast  
 x 400 sq. ft. sail area



day. I once had the owner of a new boat of my design complain that she handled poorly. It developed that the builder had not installed the end plate on her rudder, assuming that anything unfamiliar to him must be useless if not pernicious.

The construction of Pointer was all 1/2" plywood, doubled on the bottom. It was so stiff and strong and lasted so well that every construction experiment since has proved inferior to it in one way or another and we always came back to something much like it. The whole boat was sheathed with 10oz fiberglass cloth, tripled on the bottom; the resin was polyester. This construction showed no signs of trouble in the 11 years I owned her, and I believe that it had not needed drastic rebuilding up to 35 years old when we last heard of her.

One example of its strength: I ran her on a barely-submerged rock at full speed under power, upwards of six knots. The boat reeled with the impact, with a noise like a bass drum. She bounced off the rock and I dived below to see how much time I had before she swamped. But there was no sign of a leak, and later examination showed only a scrub mark on her bottom paint. Granting that the impact was glancing and the rock not very jagged, I doubt that many other constructions would have

come off so cheaply. I would probably have been more alert for the hazard in most types of boat!

Her great fault was relative lack of power to carry sail. To the uninitiated she was a scary boat until one got used to her, falling over to 30 degrees or more angle of heel at the least provocation and prone to 60-degree knockdowns at frequent intervals, though she never got her cockpit coaming in the water. The midsection illustrated will hint at why, but the not-so-obvious mistake was to concentrate the profile rocker of her bottom too much, with all the curvature amidships and too-long straight ends. If the bottom had had a fairer sweep, with a gentler profile curve from the same midsection, she would have had more displacement toward her ends on the same hull draft and could have had more ballast than the 1100 pounds actually carried. Another 1000 pounds would have helped her a lot. The long heavy boom was a bad feature, partly because of its weight to leeward but mostly because it went into the water in a knockdown and its drag then would keep her from rounding up. But there never was any need for a boomvang going downwind.

In fact, she was far from a bad sailer. The measure of her performance was a series of races in a menagery class open to all comers on arbitrary handicap. In four of these races, sailed over ten-mile triangular courses in fair sailing breezes, her closest opponent was a Pearson Triton, shorter overall but a highly respectable Carl Alberg-designed fiberglass sloop. Well on to a thousand of them were built. This one was well sailed but did not have a spinnaker. She beat Pointer on the windward leg in each race, though in one of them it was very close. Her windward advantage was not nearly enough to make up for Pointer's greater speed reaching and running; Pointer finished well ahead in every race (sailed single-handed in three of the four races, by the way).

No doubt the Triton would have done better in stronger wind, though a heavier crew in Pointer would have cancelled the advantage; Pointer could sail at close to eight knots reaching in strong wind if three or four men acted as live ballast on the weather rail. Her handling was sharp and predictable. I habitually picked up her mooring under sail in a crowded anchorage; the neighbors did not like this, but however she may have looked then to proper yachtsmen in fact I never touched any of them or had any close calls of doing so in hundreds of shots. After first running her with a 2.5hp outboard (too wimpy), and then a 5hp, which became too unreliable to bother with, I did without it for the last few years I owned her.

Her leeboards were always hung on rope grommets at the deck edge. Her original leeboards were too small, a bad shape, and toed-in much too much. Her sailing on early trials was dispiriting, and it took four tries with



different sizes and shapes of leeboards before she showed what she was capable of. The final boards were 4' x 8' and an inch thick. They were too flexible and should have been thicker for best performance, but thicker boards would have needed more ballast besides the weight of the plywood and would have needed purchases on the pendants. I accepted the performance handicap rather than complicate and slow down their handling.

It was my habit to lower both boards when I came onboard and leave them both down whenever there was water enough. Her normal sharp angle of heel kept the weather board from kiting since much of it came out of water. She could make something good to windward with the boards hoisted above the line of her bottom; at her favorite 20-degree angle of heel the lee chine drew about 20" of water (handy in very shoal water since it could be reduced 6" by letting the sheet run). The broad leeboard guards, immersed on the lee side, were no doubt a big factor in the way she would hang on, because sailing upright before the wind she sailed better with some leeboard down. With both boards hoisted clear of the water, before the wind, she would crab and slow down noticeably.

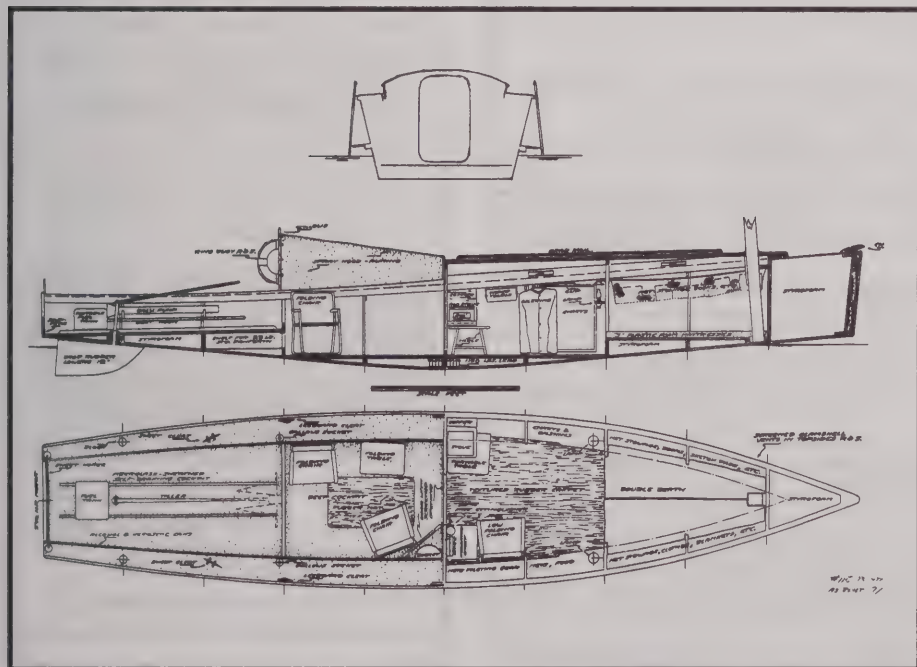
The original cat sail was 30' on the luff with a 28' loose foot, on the theory that she could carry more sail low and in one piece on a simple spar-geometry, and be faster than with a smaller sail carried higher. The catch was of course the tendency for the too-long boom to get into the water. Half-way through my ownership I docked it enough to allow a 70sf mizzen to be stepped near the transom. This cured her habit of sailing furiously back and forth at anchor, which was bad enough to make a spread of two anchors often worthwhile with the cat rig. By trimming the mizzen slightly freer than the mainsail she would sail herself indefinitely on any point of sailing above a broad reach with the tiller free. Boatbuilder Damien McLaughlin, who bought her from me and used her for many years, eventually rigged her as a cat-ketch, after which she was no doubt slower but less crisis-prone.

The solid spruce mast, 34'6" overall, 5-



1/2" octagonal section at the partners with a swelling taper to 1-3/4" at the truck, never gave any trouble except that it needed a crane to step and unstep.

Most of the plans of Pointer are missing, and the later designs of the same type are much better anyway.



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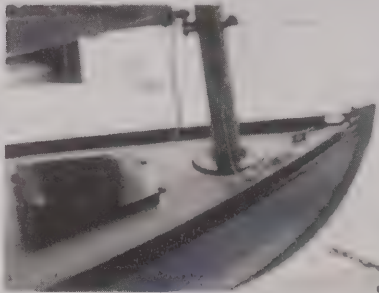
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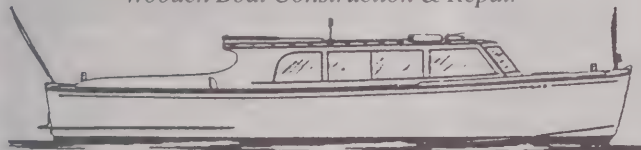
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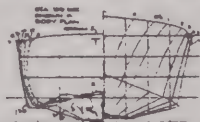
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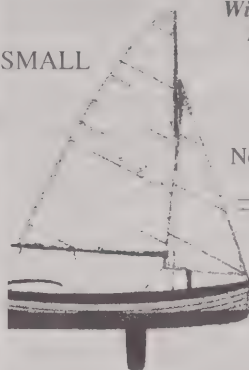


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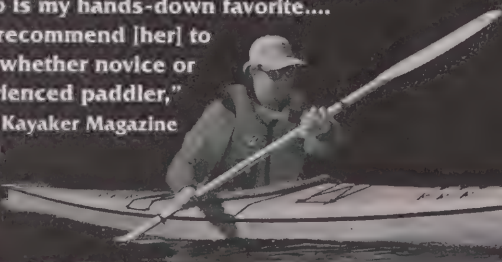
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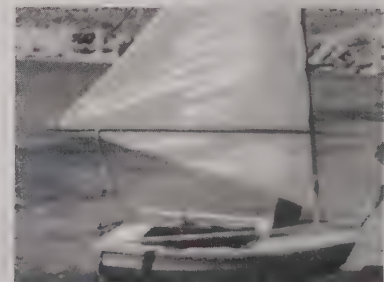
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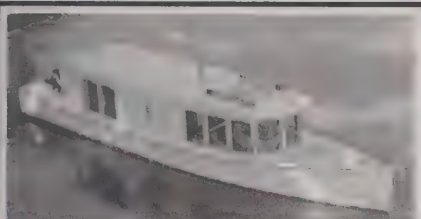
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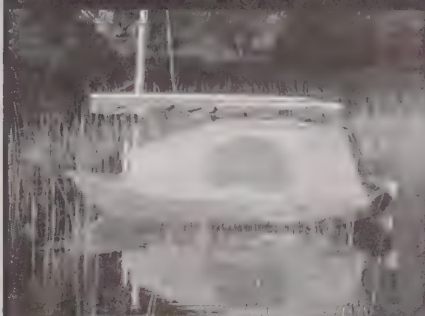
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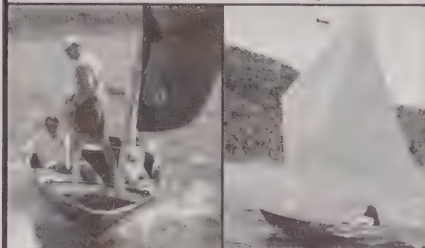
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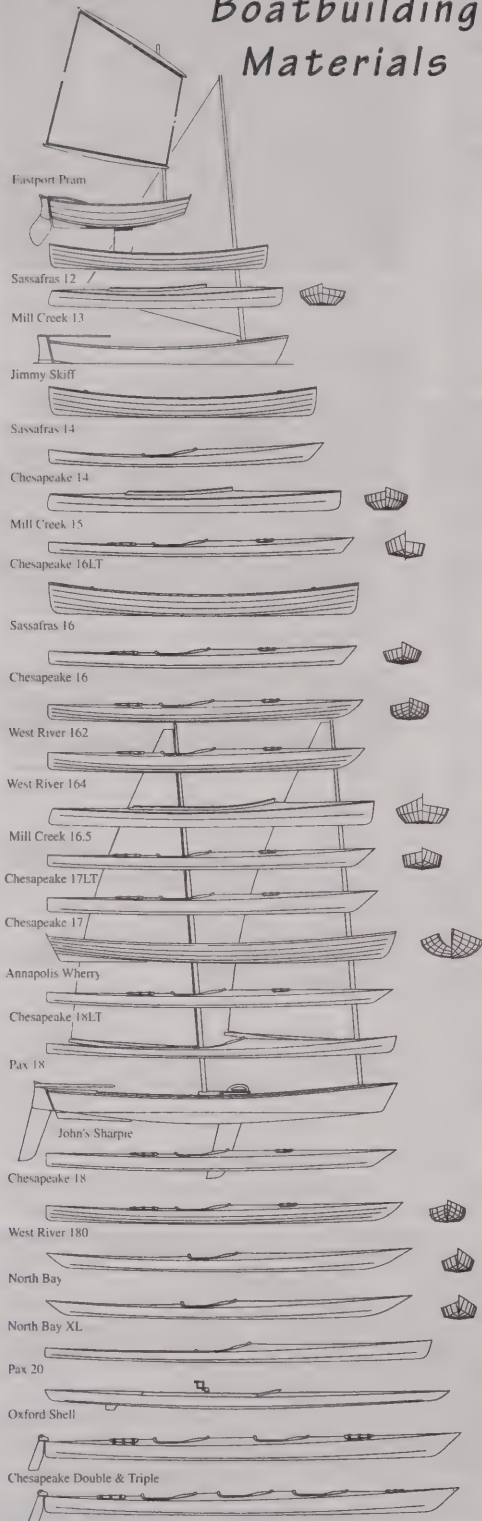
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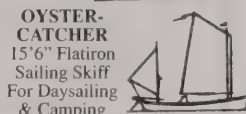
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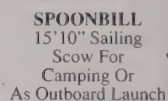
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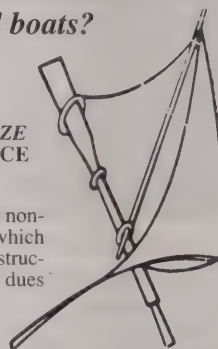
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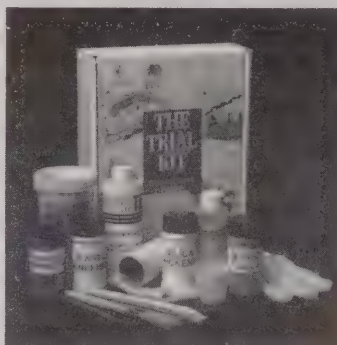
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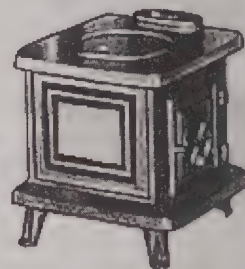
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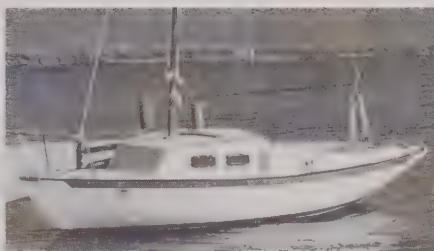
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**14' Brockway Skiff**, '93, clean, orig example of Earl's classic wooden skiffs, w/'93 9.9hp Mercury, new galv trlr, anchor/rode, 7' oars, lines, etc. \$1,950 firm (pictured). BERNARD DENOYER, Ridgefield, CT, (203) 438-7481 please leave message. (1)



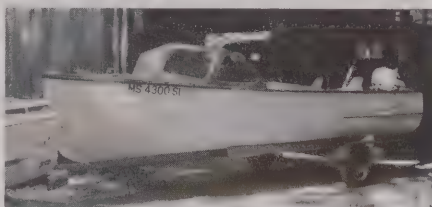
**Sea Pearl 21**, '83, water ballast, rotating goose-necks, alum marconi rig, OB mnt (no OB), oars & oarlocks, compass, soft cabin (camper) top, trlr, Danforth anchor & rode, teak refinished, overall vy gd cond. See more pictures at [www.angelfire.com/dc/seapearl](http://www.angelfire.com/dc/seapearl). \$4,500. GUY NOWELL, Edgewater, MD, (410) 721-1024, <bobandguy@hotmail.com> (1)

**JY15**, safe & stable Red Johnstone designed daysailer & racer, sail #509, 2 pc mast, Nor'easter trlr, exc cond. \$2,000. A.T. HUNT, 6366 Carthage Cr., Lake Worth, FL 33463, <ghoti@bellsouth.net> (1)

**15' Finn**, by Newport. 2 sails, new cover, new trlr, ready to sail. \$1,500. LeROY HAYES, Grand Jct., CO, (970) 858-1332. (1)

**Herreshoff Design Dinghy**, 12' x 51", hand blt of pine/oak, bronze/copper fasteners, 2 rowing stations, oars, trlr. \$1,200. A. BEAULIEU, Somersworth, NH, (603) 742-4004, <abeaulieu@peoplepc.com> (2P)

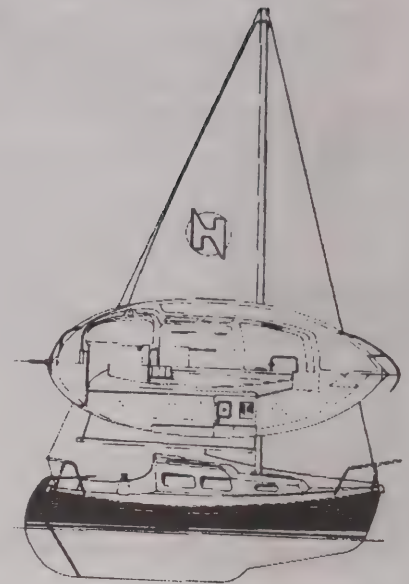
**16' Golden Eye Kayak**, beautiful, fast & stable boat. Asking only \$450. WIL SMITH, Cape May, NJ, (609) 884-1803. (2)



**'52 Lyman 16'**, 18hp Evinrude, on trlr, in storage many yrs. \$1,500. Come see. BRIAN QUINN, Rowley, MA, (978) 758-1950 cell. (2)



**Adirondack Guideboat**, 15'6" 55lbs, cedar hull, cherry decks, gunwales, & seat surrounds. Seats & backrest wicker. A head turning beauty. Transparent FG covers the hull inside and out to add strength & reduce maintenance. Designed by H.D. Grant, dean of guideboat builders in 1904 at the peak of his career. This 3yr old boat rows like it was on ball bearings. The price \$5,995 incl a pr of soft maple (the best) hand carved guideboat oars & 2 sets of traditional bronze Adirondack oarlocks. I'll be rowing around Mystic, CT on on June 1 & 2, also at the WoodenBoat show in Rockland, ME 7/12-14. Can also deliver the boat to upstate New York around June 16. CHUCK RAYNOR, Richmond, VA, (804) 359-5524, <Loftysail@earthlink.net> (2)



**20' Halman Nordica**, '84. Attention getting "salty little double ended yacht". Surprisingly roomy & comfortable. Slips 4. Full length keel, deep cockpit, wide side decks. Sublime sailing w/safety & ease. Clean & well maintained. Canadian blt FG. Located in Salem, MA. DAVID QUIGG, Lexington, MA, (781) 862-6023. (1)

**18' Herreshoff America Catboat**, FG '91, 15hp electr strit Johnson in well, galv trlr. All round gd cond. \$6,500. ED HAMMER, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0736. (2)

**15' Potter**, '91. Colored sails in new cond, lights, rails, pulpit, brass footsteps on transom, multiple other dittys. Lightly used. Trlr is exc w/new tires & bearings. \$4,000 firm. Can bring to Portland if needed. BILL WEYMOUTH, 516 Martin Woods, Palermo, ME 04354, <weymouth1@larck.net> (2)

**36' Ohlson Sloop**, '63 Goteburg Sweden. Vy fast, full keel. Mahogany on oak. Compl w/all equipment, gear, rigging & cradle. Nds compl rbltd. Hull in fair cond. \$7,000 w/almost new Westerbeke, \$3,000 w/o. HOWARD GMELCH, PO Box 641, Bacliff, TX 77518, (281) 559-1092, <hrgmelch@earthlink.net> (2)



**18' Weekender**, launched 10/01. Lots of dry deck space, 2 gd bunks, room for port-a-potti. Zippy performance & quick tacking w/18" draft. Made of BS 1088 occume plywood w/epoxy glass below WL. \$8,500 sailaway. JONES BOATS, Tuckahoe, NJ, (609) 628-2063. (1P & 3P)



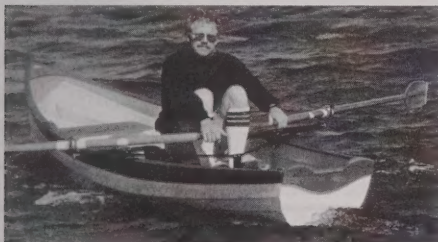


**Beetle Cat**, classic, fiberglass over wood hull. New flr bds and CB, w/fresh varnish & white paint, green bottom paint & green deck paint. Also new green compl canvas cover, & alum trlr. Motor bracket. White sail, rigging vy sound. Beige canvas mooring cover. Ready for the water. In Newbury, MA on trlr. \$12,000 OBO. JOEL PLASTRIDGE, Essex, MA. (978) 768-1125. (2)

**21' Planing Daysailer**, designed for performance & blt as prototype for new class. Sophisticated design features rotating mast stepped on deck, mid-ships traveler, airfoil section board & rudder, yet it is a boat & not a sailing machine. Fair & smooth hull intended to be used as plug. Wood-core FG constr, alum spars, Hood sails, trlr. \$3,000. MAT LEUPOLD, Wayland, MA, (508) 358-4897. (2)

**23' Birdwatcher**, '96 Phil Bolger design. Luan mahogany ply w/1" marine fir bottom w/West System ® epoxy, SS fittings. Professionally blt. Galv trlr, 3.5hp Chrysler OB, porta-potti, oars, row box/seat, many extras. All in gd cond. A ltwt shallow draft cabin/cockpit sailboat, one of Bolger's favorite designs. Asking \$3,900. STEPHEN ANDERSEN, Estes Park, CO, (970) 586-2787. (2)

**14'4" Lug Rigged Sailboat**, Chapelle's NJ Garvey "Mule" in ply, epoxy & FG. Only \$250. Deliver within 30 mile radius. PAUL JENSEN, Clifton, Park, NJ, (518) 371-7332, <pjensen1@nycap.rr.com> (1)



**14' RKL Little Rangeley Guideboat**, dark blue Airex hull w/buff interior. A show stopper w/lots of teak & brass. Piantedosi removable sliding seat w/ laminated spoon blade sweeps & Shaw & Tenney spoon oars w/bronze oarlocks & leather collars. Folding anchor & custom cover. Barely used, must see. Delivery possible. \$2,750. DAN BOLBROCK, Rochester, NY, (716) 720-1799, <ralphy2100@aol.com> (2)

**16' Touring Kayak**, based on Herrseshoff double paddle canoe. Single/double. Wood & epoxy. New. \$850 w/paddle. Dolly available. BOB COLE, Orangedale, FL, (904) 284-2063. (2)

**91/2' Joel White Nutshell**, exc Shore Sail. Sapele plywood, interior finished bright. New hollow mast. Sell for cost of materials \$1,385.

ROBERT SCULL, Wicomico Church, VA, (804) 580-7402. (3P)

**19' Cape Dory Typhoon Weekender Sloop**, all new sails, roller furling, stanning & running rigging, compass & jack stands. 6hp Johnson OB. \$7,200. BOB CRINK, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882-8018. (2)

**'87 Starwin Sloop**. \$4,000. **Grumman Gulfport 21**. \$1,500. **Dory Sloop**, pine on oak, t'bark sails, bronze fastenings, trlr, blt '87. \$4,000.

CARPENTER'S BOAT SHOP, Pemaquid, ME, (207) 677-3768. (3P)

**14' O'Day Javelin**, '71 FG. R/F jib, jiffy reef main. Vy gd cond. Tilt trlr, tires exc. Asking \$1,800. ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462. (1)

### BOATS WANTED

**Planing Dory**, or skiff, 18'-24'. TOM BANASZAK, Downer's Grove, IL, (630) 963-6207. (1)

**Westerly 25 or 26**, any cond, must be reasonable. 16' - 18' San Francisco Bay Pelican, unfinished or used. KARL MULLER, Toast, NC, (276) 728-3447. (2)

**Mad River Canoe**, Guide model, in RoyaleX. JOHN HESLIP, Silver City, NM, (505) 538-5881, <heslip@zianet.com> (2)

### SALES & RIGGING FOR SALE

**AMF Alcott Minifish**. AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

**Sun/Sailfish Spars & Sail**, grt way to convert a dory or skiff to a sailboat. \$100. BOB KIMBALL, 36 Edgewater Rd., Wakefield, RI 02879, (401) 783-2318. (1)

**Boom**, Sitka spruce well varnished, 16'6" max length (can be shortened 12"-18"), 4"-4-1/2" diam hollow core, 7/8" recessed sail track, cast bronze Merriman worm gear & crank outhaul, all ca '50. Used on Concordia sloop *Cinderella*. WILSON CUMMER, Wakefield, RI, (401) 789-3972. (1)

**Solid Wood Masts**, several round & square, other small spars & sails. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (2)

### GEAR FOR SALE

**Boatbuilding Lumber**: Teak, all pcs planed on thickness, all pcs sawn on width except 1 pc as noted. Item A: 2 pcs 1-1/2" x 7" x 26-3/16". Item B: 1 pc 1-1/4" x 5-1/8" x 39". 1 edge jointed on width on 1 pc. Item C: 2 pcs 1-3/16" x 7" x 7'3", 15" long split in 1 pc, one end. Lot \$115. Philippine Mahogany: All pcs rough sawn, approximately as dimensioned. Item A: 4 pcs 1" x 7-7/8" x 8'4" long. Lot \$192. Item B: 4 pcs 1" x 9-13/16" x 16' 4" long. Lot \$384. RALPH J. ELLIS, #384 Rt. 87, Columbia, CT 06237, (860) 228-3178. (1)

**Trailer Hitch**, HD chassis mnted. Fits Volvo 700 and 900 series & all '91 to '95 models. Rated 3,500lbs. Cost new: \$125; now \$75 OBO. Can be picked up or shipped UPS. ERIC RUSSELL, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 646-1224. (2)



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X 8.5" wide. \$25, S&H \$5. We accept Visa, MasterCard & American Express. NORS, PO Box 143, Woolwich, Maine 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <nors@loa.com>, www.norsgear.com (TFP)

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THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

**Fine Pair Spruce Oars**, 6-1/2', epoxy protected tips. Perf cond, altho showing some weather stain. \$60. Can ship UPS frt collect on receipt of payment. DAVE HILL, 1776 S. Palo Verde #C-III, Tucson, AZ 85713, (520) 326-3574, <Dhill5440@aol.com> (1)

**Johnson Sailmaster**, LS 9.9hp OB, late '80s model used rarely. Newer battery & 2 gas cans incl. \$500. VISTA DRAYTON, Littleton, MA, (978) 772-9493. (2)

**Outboards**, 4hp, 12hp, 20hp/LS. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (1P)

**Bulb Fin Keel**, 42" long x 24" deep, 400lbs, removed from 16' boat. \$75. **Bulb Fin Keel**, 54" long x 28" deep removed from 22' boat, 900lbs. \$150. Measurements approximate. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (2)

**9-1/2' Nutshell Pram Molds & Strongback**. Free. DICK KREUTER, Lawrenceville, NJ, (606) 392-8221. (2)

### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Magneto**, for Albin 0-11 1 cyl gas engine, &/or parts motor. TOM RATLIFF, Endicott, NY, (607) 754-5853, <tratliiff@stny.rr.com> (2)



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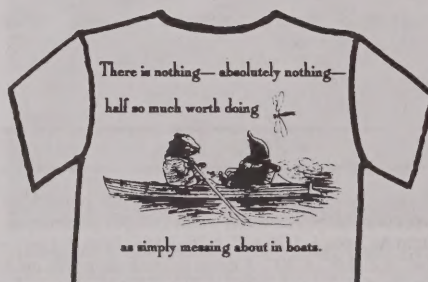
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EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley,  
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*Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar*, new book about  
adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Pas-  
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NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3907 "N" Ave.,  
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**Bitten by the Boatbuilding Bug!** Looking for eco-  
nomically priced books by Bolger, R.D. Culler, John  
Gardner, and H. Sucher. Also 20 *Boats You Can  
Build*, *Boatbuilder's Handbook*, *Boat Building An-  
nals & MotorBoating Ideal Series*. TOM  
FANNIFF, Lot 115C, HTR, 28229CR33, Lesburg,  
FL 34748, <Rvrboatom@aol.com> (1)

**Wooden Boat Magazines**, 1-15, 25-28, 30-32.  
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Middleboro, MA 02346. (1)

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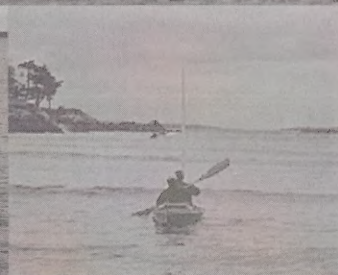
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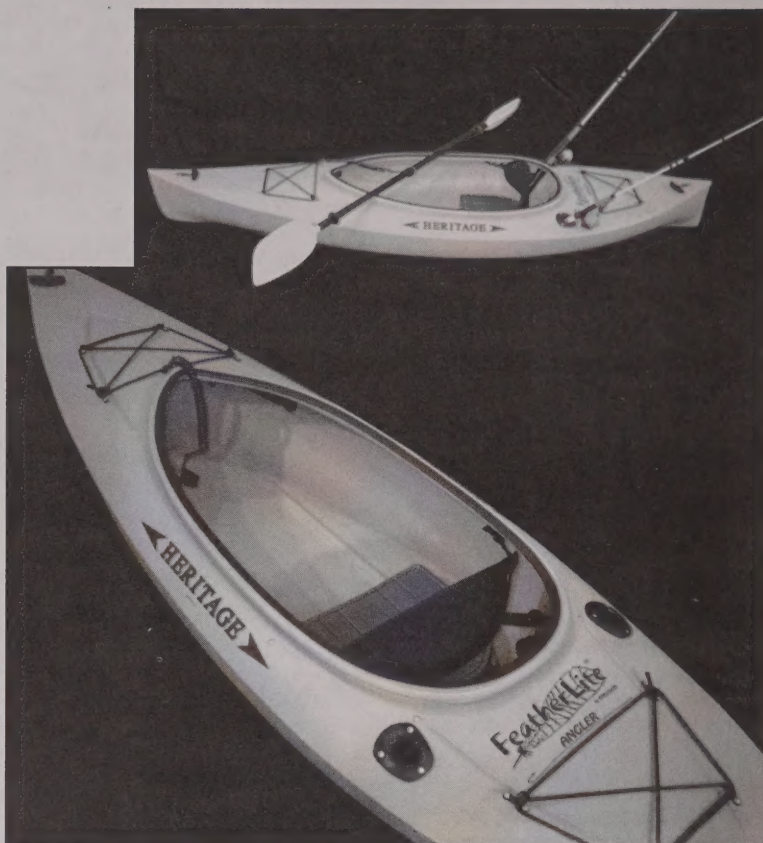
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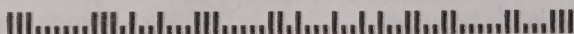
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